Next Month

FRANCE AND DISARMAMENT

André Maurois

Many believe that in the Disarmament Conference in February France will hold the key position, and that her attitude will go far toward determining how much can be accomplished. In this article André Maurois will explain France's position in relation to world peace and the reasons behind her demands, as seen by a Frenchman.

WHY A LIBERAL PARTY?

John T. Flynn

The wail of the liberals, headed by John Dewey, because a liberal party has never been able to gain a foothold in this country, has been heard from coast to coast during the past few years. It is so much empty noise, in the opinion of Mr. Flynn. We need more liberals, he argues, but not a liberal party — and we'll never have one.

A RADIO ANNOUNCER TELLS ALL

Anonymous

Did it ever occur to you that the radio announcer's suave clichés are often as painful to his own ears as to yours? This article tells why announcers get that way.

THE END OF THE ABSOLUTE

Henry Hazlitt

A reply to the article "Standards," by James Truslow Adams, in which Mr. Hazlitt attempts to prove that the conception of absolute standards for anything is not only old-fashioned but fallacious.

WILD BILL MURRAY

Archibald C. Edwards

A portrait of the rip-roaring Governor of Oklahoma, one of the most prominent of our presidential impossibilities.

DOES BIG BUSINESS WANT SOCIALISM?

Willis J. Ballinger

That is what we are headed for, argues Mr. Ballinger, and the repeal of the Sherman Act, so ardently prayed for by many large corporations, would be a long step toward it. Instead, he suggests intelligent and controlled competition.

THE JARGON OF PSYCHOLOGY

W. Béran Wolfe, M.D.

Everyone uses the language of psychology, but few understand it. Here is a simple primer that will enable the ordinary man to find his way around.

F O R U M

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Contents for JANUARY

The Editor's Foreword 1

Salute to To-morrow . . . . . IRWIN EDMAN 2

Owen D. Young. *Presidential Possibilities — VI* . JONATHAN MITCHELL 6

A Mandate for Manchuria . . . . . H. B. ELLISTON 11

"Red" Blood in Kentucky
Why 100% Americans Turn Communist . . . . CHARLES R. WALKER 18

Suicide. *A Poem* . . . . . HELENE MULLINS 23

The Cruise of the Cashalot. *A Short Story* . . . . WALTER D. EDMONDS 24

Philosopher-at-Law
The Career of Judge Benjamin Cardozo . . . . . JOSEPH P. POLLARD 32

The Negro Fad . . . . . HELENE MAGARET 39

In Defense of Caesareans . . . . . JAMES HITCHCOCK, M.D. 44

Machine Age Architecture . . . . . ALEXANDER C. SOPER, III 48

Standardizing Values
Instead of Trying to Nail Down the Restless Dollar. . W. A. TERPENNING 56

Modern Daughters . . . . . ALICE AUSTIN WHITE 61

Toasts IV

Opinions about Books VI

Rostrum XIII

Travel News XIX

Downtown. *Progress in Reconstruction* . . . . . DONALD REA HANSON XX

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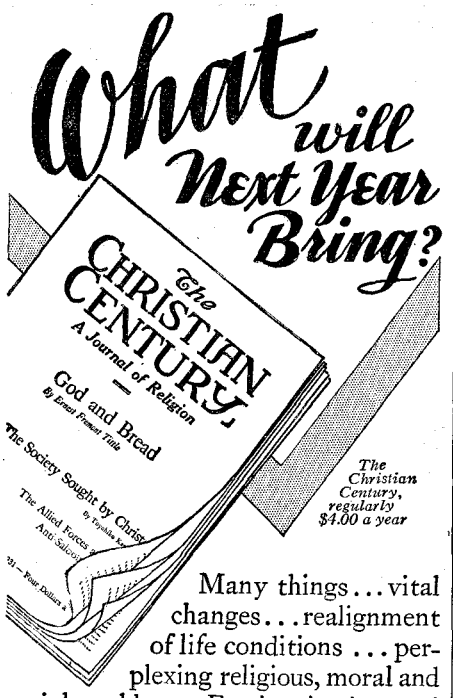
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TOASTS

IRWIN EDMAN, assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has recently returned from a year's leave of absence abroad, where he was primarily engaged in studying the life, work, and character of St. Paul in preparation for the Schermerhorn lectures which he has been delivering this year at Columbia. He spent last winter in Rome, and his research also included an exploration of Paul's own territory in the Near East. In addition to various philosophical works he has published several books of essays, the most recent of which is *The Contemporary and His Soul*. As one might guess, the author of *Richard Kane Looks at Life*, one of his best known books, is equally interested in philosophy and belles lettres.

JONATHAN MITCHELL was formerly a political reporter on *The World* and for several years was attached to its London and Paris bureaus. He is the author of *Goosesteps to Peace*, published this fall, which is an account of the general failure of attempts to bring about world peace and disarmament. He thinks, and rightly, that the book has a swell title. Mr. Mitchell was born in Portland, Maine, sojourned briefly at Yale before he was requested to leave for participation in a town-and-gown "riot," and graduated from Amherst in 1921.

H. B. ELLISTON, at present an editorial writer for the *Christian Science Monitor*, first went out to China in 1920 as correspondant for the *Manchester Guardian*, later becoming chief editor of the Chinese government's economic publications. After an interval in New York as editorial writer for the *Herald*, and a second stay in China, he returned to this country in 1927 and was for three years research director for the Council of Foreign Relations.

CHARLES R. WALKER, as he says in his article, went to Harlan County as a member of the Dreiser Committee which was sent to investigate conditions there by the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. Mr. Walker has himself shared the fortunes of the laboring class. For several years he worked in steel, copper, brass, and rubber mills and has incorporated his experiences in his books — of which the best known is, perhaps, *Steel: the Diary of a Furnace Worker*. A free-lance writer at present, Mr. Walker has, in the past, been a member of the staffs of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *The Bookman*, and *The Independent*.

HELENE MULLINS is a poet and novelist whose verse has become familiar to a wide public through its frequent appearance in the leading magazines.

WALTER D. EDMONDS, author of *Rome Haul* and *The Big Barn*, graduated from Harvard in 1926. He now lives in Clinton, N. Y., where, he says, he is at work as usual on another book — about the Canal. "Since my last story was published in THE FORUM, Edmondses (human) have had a boy who is rapidly becoming the biggest in ten counties. If he did not get his milk out of a tin can, I feel certain he would keep three cows working in shifts. Also Edmondses (canine) — cocker spaniel if you care to know — have had a girl who is still entirely without manners and a thorough-going Red, filing a protest each morning at the night's restrictions. I seem to recall that all the better authors use the columns like yours for gratis announcements such as these."

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD is a lawyer by training who has since turned to writing. His legal articles and his studies of judges have appeared in numerous magazines, and in less serious vein he is also a contributor to *The New Yorker*. Mr. Pollard is a graduate of Williams and of the Harvard Law School and is now living in Colorado Springs.

HELENE MAGARET, who lives in Omaha, Nebraska, spent four years in an insurance office because of her conviction that human experience is more akin to the divine than the learning of Bacon. The discovery that she might need Bacon after all brought her to Barnard College. The Harlem episode which she describes was sandwiched in between semesters — and between sonnets. Miss Magaret has, incidentally, contributed verse to numerous magazines.

JAMES HITCHCOCK is a Boston physician whose last FORUM article, "Common Sense vs. the Common Cold" appeared in our December issue.

ALEXANDER C. SOPER, III was educated at Hamilton College and at the School of Architecture of Princeton University, where he taught for a year. "My subsequent entry into active professional life coincided rather strikingly with the decision of architecture to go into a corpse-like trance until the end of the Depression. I am now waiting for the Depression to end."

WALTER A. TERPENNING, professor of sociology at Western State Teachers College, Kalamazoo, Michigan, has also taught at Evansville College and the University of Michigan. He is the author of three books and of numerous magazine articles and has travelled extensively in the United States and Canada, and in thirteen European countries.

ALICE AUSTIN WHITE tells us reticently that she is middle-aged, keeps house, has two children, and has written sporadically for the past fifteen years. She lives in Ithaca, N. Y.

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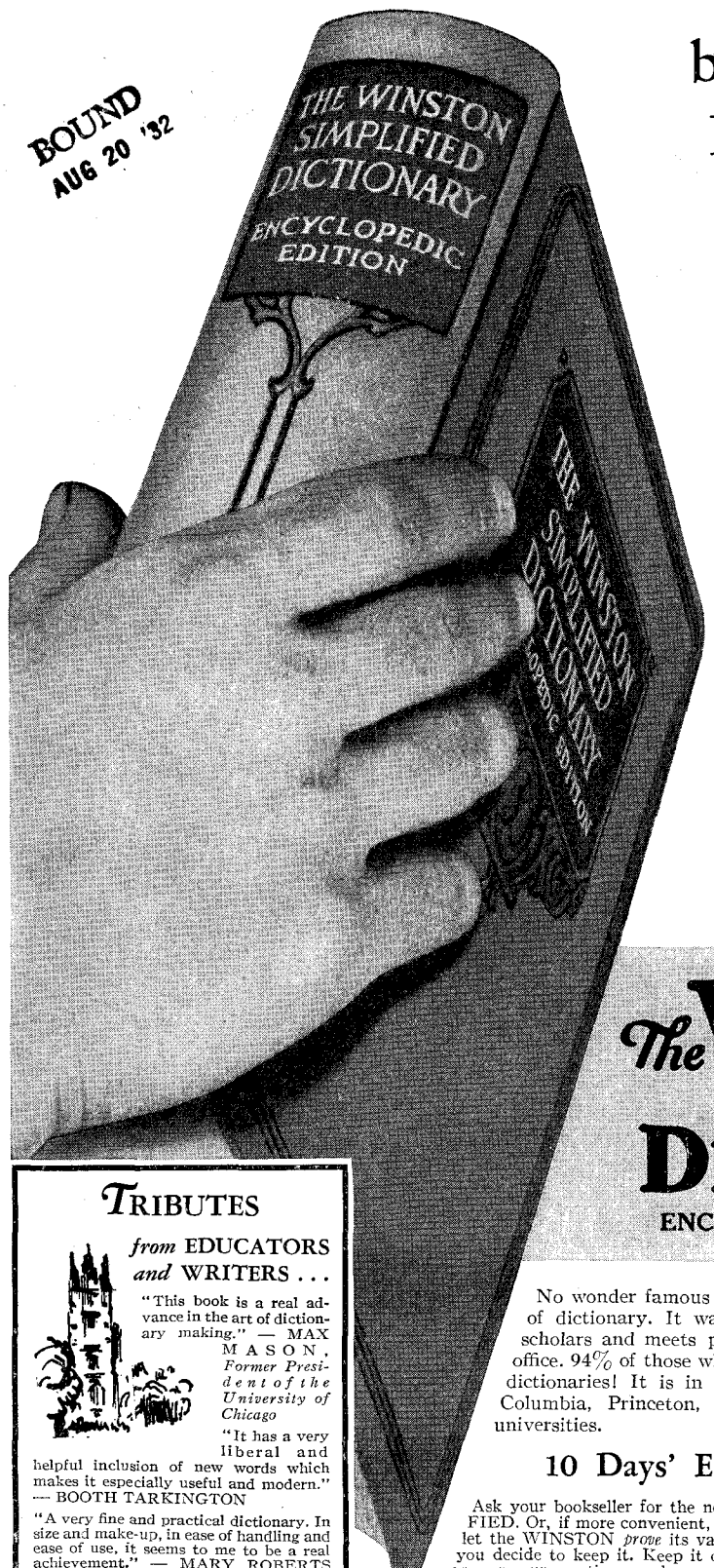

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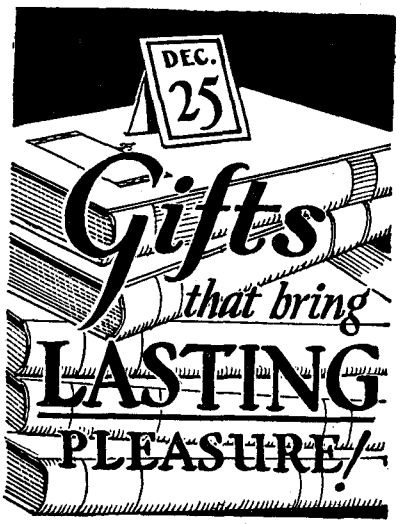

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CHARLES OF EUROPE, by D. B. Wyndham Lewis; Mitchell and Coward-McCann, $5.00.

THE BOOKS of D. B. Wyndham Lewis are not for purists who insist on unbiased history — nor yet for militant Protestants. Mr. Lewis never permits either himself or anyone else to forget that he is a Catholic. His ardent Catholic bias colors everything that he writes just as, or so he claims, Protestant prejudices have colored the history books with which most of us are familiar. Since Mr. Lewis happens to be a brilliant, an entertaining, and a very persuasive writer, the results are always stimulating. Like Hilaire Belloc, he bitterly deplores the break up of European culture and traditions which accompanied the Reformation. Like Mr. Belloc, he sees no hope for European unity except through the restoration of that universal Catholic religion which was responsible for the old culture. Since the Emperor Charles V fought the forces of disintegration all his life, at a particularly crucial period, Mr. Lewis views him far more favorably than most historians have done. Graphically and sympathetically, he describes Charles' unending struggle against Luther and a Protestant Germany, against the machinations of François I, against the Turk, against the various forces destructive of religious unity. As accurate biography his book leaves something to be desired. As special pleading, and as readable prose, it is masterly. *Charles of Europe* is not, however, quite so engrossing or so colorful as *King Spider* or *François Villon*. One gathers that Mr. Lewis is not as completely saturated in the period as he was in the Louis XI epoch — that it does not make quite the same appeal to his imagination. Furthermore, his thesis intrudes itself a little too much, as it did not do in his two earlier biographies.

MAID IN WAITING, by John Galsworthy; Scribners, $2.50.

ON A SOMEWHAT higher social level than his beloved Forsytes is the Cherrell family, about whom John Galsworthy has written in *Maid in Waiting*. They are a charming, noble group, with their unselfish loyalty to each other and their calm acceptance of changing fortune. Hubert, the only son of General Sir Conway Cherrell and himself a soldier, has killed a muleteer in self-defense while on an expedition in Bolivia, and the Bolivian government demands his extradition for trial. It is Hubert's devoted sister Dinny who finally gets him out of the scrape, after pulling many wires which connect with pompous officials and influential friends of her numerous uncles and cousins. It is also Dinny who sees Uncle Adrian and Diana Ferse, an old sweetheart of his whom he fairly worships, through the trying days when Captain Ferse returns home unexpectedly from a private institution for the insane and finally ends his tragic life. There are many incidents in this book which rather obviously could never really happen; yet Galsworthy in his masterful way makes them seem quite plausible. For example, it is hard to believe, in this unromantic, matter-of-fact age, that Dinny could pick out Jean Tasburgh as Hubert's wife and expect him to fall in love with her, as he does, the first time they meet. It is also hard to believe that Professor Hallorsen's book, which has a great deal to do with getting Hubert into hot water, would have even been considered by any publisher familiar with the libel laws. But after all, one does not go to Galsworthy for facts, but for glowing pictures of London and the English countryside, sparkling conversation, and people who find life well worth living in spite of its disconcerting vicissitudes.

ON UNDERSTANDING WOMEN, by Mary R. Beard; Longmans, $3.50.

ALTHOUGH THIS erudite and challenging book could, perhaps, be classified as feminist literature, one can scarcely deny Mrs. Beard's thesis that historians have given us a lamentably distorted version of history by failing to emphasize properly woman's rôle in the development of civilization. If Mrs. Beard occasionally overstates her case one can only feel that she is justified in face of a balance weighted so heavily in the opposite direction. Woman, says Mrs. Beard, has always been responsible for the continuance and care of life. As the inventor of the

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domestic arts, it was she who launched civilization. Thereafter Mrs. Beard follows the course of woman throughout history — describes the part she played in the rise of Greek intellectualism, her intimate connection with the politics and economy of Rome, her central rôle in a medieval system based on chivalry and worship of the Mother of God, her aggressive participation in the struggle for political and social democracy. From the astonishing stores of her knowledge, she musters up a long rôle of women who were conspicuously brilliant as military leaders, as politicians, as scholars, as scientists, as writers, as thinkers. What is more important, she shows how all social and economic movements have been carried through with feminine coöperation, how it is absurd to suppose that they could otherwise have been consummated. So complex and so richly documented is Mrs. Beard's book that one can scarcely do justice to it in a brief review. One might add, however — at the risk of sounding frivolous — that it is in itself an impressive corroboration of her notions as to woman's capacities and attainments.

BROOME STAGES, by Clemence Dane; Doubleday, Doran; $3.00.

NOVELS ON THE grand scale appear to be coming into fashion again. With disarming audacity, Clemence Dane has undertaken to write the history of seven generations of an English theatrical dynasty, and it is a tribute to her skill that one's interest never wearies throughout the course of seven hundred finely printed pages. From the days of old Richard, born in 1715, the arrogant, glamorous Broomes were the first family of the English theater. Their epithet, as Miss Dane says, was charm. Headstrong and magnetic, they inevitably got what they wanted. They quarrelled dramatically and explosively among themselves, but never managed quite to forget their family affection and their sense of humor. Most of them were actors — in Shakespeare for choice — some were playwrights and producers. All had a generous measure of the Broome genius, and the wayward Broome character. This is a rich and magical novel, varied in incident, saturated with the atmosphere of the theater, which carries one along irresistibly on its tide. Miss Dane has romanticized her Broomes, but on their own extravagant terms, they are convincing.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: A Biography, by Henry F. Pringle; Harcourt, Brace, $5.00.

THIS NEW biography of Roosevelt belongs at the head of all books about that amazing figure. It is complete, concise, and thoroughly and excellently documented, with a minimum of the author's opinion and evidence of a sincere effort to let the facts speak for themselves. The author was greatly aided in his work by access to 75,000 letters never before used. It is a pity that permission for their use was limited to the years before 1910, for Roosevelt's part in the World War was an amazing episode; but while one feels the lack, in these final pages, of self-history as told through personal letters, there is at least some suggestion of it in the selections from his public statements. Both admirers and enemies of Roosevelt will find here food for controversy, for the author has spared his subject neither in praise nor in blame. His many-sided character is shown as the real reason behind the spectacular public acts which are still making history.

ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW: A Correspondence, edited by Christopher St. John; Putnam, $5.00.

IT WOULD BE difficult to find another document that traces with such clarity the conflicts and developments in the theater toward the end of the last century as this volume of letters. Shaw was the apostle of the new drama introduced by Ibsen, and Ellen Terry represented the theater that was fading — that of the great individual stars who were everything while their plays were glorified clap-trap. Henry Irving, the leader of this school, appears in Shaw's letters as a perfect monument of brutal stupidity, an amusing contrast to the demi-god that Gordon Craig describes. The most attractive feature of the book, however, is the revelation of the characters of its two authors, who were writing from the heart and not too apparently for publication.

AMERICAN BEAUTY, by Edna Ferber; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

MISS FERBER, along with other hastily misinformed writers who attempt to depict scenes in the great American pageant, has an idea that the natives of New England are a frustrated lot of racial degenerates. *American Beauty* deals with the degeneration of the Oakes family from the time when Captain Orrange Oakes built a magnificent homestead in the Connecticut wilderness, back in the early part of the eighteenth century, to 1930 when the last of this proud line, Orrang Olszak, — part Oakes and part Pole — is about to sell the old place to a Chicago millionaire. In this dreary chronicle the reader may learn what a splendid thing it has been for Connecticut to have a sturdy Polish population to bolster up the "timorous New England remnant of a dying people." Considering the fact that

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it is this same "timorous remnant" that pays most of the taxes in Connecticut, it would seem that Miss Ferber has overexaggerated what benefits, if any, the Poles have bestowed upon the neighboring Yankees. The author's description of old New Englanders is likewise enlightening: ". . . these old ones creeping timidly out of doors to sit creakingly on the doorstep, or to move for a grateful moment, very bleached and brittle, about the yard, like old slugs." Apart from this pathetic portrayal of a people who retain their vigor and hardiness even in old age, we rather resent the inaccuracy of calling slugs, even if they are *old* slugs, bleached and brittle. All the slugs we have ever seen have been quite limber and they have never, never creaked. On the whole, though, *American Beauty* is quite readable, as all Miss Ferber's books are, but somehow it seems to show up its author more than it does New England.

THE OPENING OF A DOOR, by George Davis; Harper, $2.50.

THE TARDINESS of this review, or at least its appearance at this late date, may be partially condoned by the fact that it seems likely that both the author and the book will be remembered for some time after most of their more promptly noticed contemporaries have been forgotten; it seems likely, though not certain, for cannot *The Grandmothers* — and George Davis bears a resemblance to Glenway Wescott in more ways than one — be picked up at cut-rate counters for thirty-five cents? For the present, then, one can only repeat what has already been said many times: that in Mr. Davis America has an astonishingly adept young craftsman, and that *The Opening of a Door* is one of the most distinguished first performances in recent years. Superbly written and conceived, the saga of the MacDougall family unfolds itself as a carefully planned record of barren, desperate lives; yet the story is shot through with a fresh, natural humor which is rarely encountered in such a bitter narrative and which cannot easily be imitated. Critics have surmised as to whether Mr. Davis's succeeding books will be equal to this one, but that matters not at all, for he has already justified himself as a technician and as an observer of things not often observed.

CLASSIC AMERICANS, by Henry Seidel Canby; Harcourt, Brace, $3.50.

ALTHOUGH HE originally contemplated a full-length history of American literature, the pressure of his academic and editorial work, as he explains in his introduction, obliged Dr. Canby to content himself with a series of critical studies of our leading writers from Irving to Whitman. The emphasis, therefore, is on interpretation rather than on all-inclusiveness or on fresh material. Furthermore, Dr. Canby has felt that the most fruitful point of approach is to study American literature in its purely American aspects, in its relation to the intellectual and emotional life of the country. There is little elaborate tracing of foreign influences — and the stress is on relative rather than absolute values. The book opens with a useful but rather dry and ponderous chapter on the Colonial Background. Thereafter the individual studies differ markedly. Dr. Canby is admirably perceptive in dealing with Irving, Cooper and, to some extent, with Whitman; somewhat less good on Thoreau, Hawthorne, and Poe; rather confused in his estimate of Emerson; completely inadequate, as he himself admits, when he comes to Herman Melville. There is much excellent criticism in the book — which will obviously take its place alongside the works of such men as Parrington and Foerster — but one feels, on the whole, that Dr. Canby has leaned in too many directions at once, that he frequently contradicts himself, that his critical canons are not sufficiently clear cut. Furthermore, however trivial the objection may be, it seems a pity that his style has not more grace and distinction. All this is not to say, of course, that *Classic Americans* is not one of the most substantial books of American criticism that have appeared recently.

TIME EXPOSURE, by Parkhurst Whitney; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.

ADD THIS BOOK to the growing list of novels which probe American character and the American past. In the nineties, in her innocent and ignorant youth, Fannie eloped with Chester, who was a Rochester photographer, Chester had Ideas. Chester was an intelligent Babbitt born before his time. He bought an automobile, while automobiles were still a novelty. He introduced innovations into sterotyped photography. He early grasped the possibilities of advertising — and made money. Throughout the early course of their life together, they were at odds as to the character and purpose of marriage. Fannie's prudish repressions, her whole early training, were in conflict with Chester's aggressive desires. It was a problem typical of their time and one which it took years to solve. Mr. Whitney's competent, compact, slightly satirical novel spans three decades and is, within its limits, authentic and good. It falls, however, between two stools. It lacks any real richness of background and atmosphere — one could as well or better glean its documentation from Mark Sullivan — and as personal drama it is deficient in characterization and psychological interest. Nevertheless it is infinitely more mature and more ambitious than the average first novel. Again within limits, Mr. Whitney has produced a readable book and done a sound job.

WITHOUT MY CLOAK, by Kate O'Brien; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THE CONSIDINES of Mellick were an Irish-Victorian family — rich, proud, jealous of their prestige, and conveniently forgetful of the fact that they stemmed from a horse-thief. After the death of Honest John, founder of the forage business on which the Considine fortune was based, his youngest son, Anthony, became the leader of the clan and lorded it grandly over his less dominating brothers and sisters. He, in turn, proposed to pass on control of the family business to his much-beloved son, Denis, but the latter proved to be a high-strung individualist, and a rebel against the tenacious claims of the Considines. It is with the struggle of young Denis against possessive family affection, and an imperious family code, that the book is chiefly concerned. Kate O'Brien, a newcomer, has written a vivid, satisfying, glamorous novel with considerable body to it — a novel which makes admirable use of Irish-Victorian atmosphere without overstressing it. She weaves a dozen minor stories into the main pattern of the book, and characterizes sharply each of the turbulent Considines. *Without My Cloak* is an excellent and an enthralling story.

THE CARE AND FEEDING OF ADULTS, by Logan Clendening, M.D.; Knopf, $2.50.

PERHAPS IT should be left to the medical profession to pass upon the soundness of this book, but anyone can appreciate the humor. What Doctor Clendening does to Margaret Sanger, Bertrand Russell, and all the sex boys and birth controllers is exactly what they have had coming to them, and it is done well. The theme of the book is common sense in the care of the body: eat when you are hungry, sleep when you are sleepy, exercise when you feel like it, smoke if you want to, drink within reason, and for the love of heaven stop worrying about your vitamines, reflexes, and inner organs. Eat the kind of meals that mother used to serve; she knew what she was about, even if she couldn't explain why. Shun the new fads in diet and medicine and in case of doubt stick to the old-fashioned remedies. They may have been two-thirds superstition, but they had experience and an unseen germ of reason behind them. This is Doctor Clendening's gospel, and he expounds it with such good humor and sense that the reader is delighted to be convinced.

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Books

SPARKS FLY UPWARD, by Oliver La Farge; Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50.

TO ANSWER the first and most obvious question, the author of *Laughing Boy* has not altogether forsaken his noble Redmen. His latest novel is the story of Esteban, a half breed, who has been from childhood the protégé of a wealthy Spanish aristocrat and who is beloved of the latter's young wife. The scene of the book is a Central American republic in the middle years of the last century — a republic oppressed by Spanish tyranny and seething with incipient rebellion. Thanks to his aristocratic connections, Esteban rises high in the military world, but his Indian blood and sympathies are constantly at war with his love and his personal ambition. Finally he casts in his lot with his own people. Mr. La Farge writes a fluid and graceful prose, and though the intricacies of Central American politics sometimes become tedious, his book is packed with exciting incident. Due to the spiritual problems involved, it is far more than an adventure story — and yet somehow it seems a little too remote from present day concerns, nor does it make any very heavy demands on the reader's emotions.

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin; Macmillan, $2.00.

SONS OF HARDY New Englanders, who, sixty and seventy years ago, cleared the land, planted crops, built houses, raised huge families, and fished along the treacherous seacoast, may be found to-day in any New England coastal town, but for them existence is less stirring and picturesque than it was for their fathers. Mr. Coffin has attempted to show in *Portrait of an American*, which is based largely on the life of his father, what a glorious existence that was. Although this book comes as close as any to expressing the robust spirit of New England, it suffers too frequently from oversentimentality and careless writing.

A BURIED TREASURE, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; Viking, $2.50.

THE THINGS that can happen to a Kentucky farmer and his wife who find a buried treasure in their back yard form the material of this human comedy. Andy Blair and his wife Philly find their whole lives turned topsy-turvy by the great discovery, and their alternate generosity and greed, their natural human communicativeness and equally natural cautiousness strive for supremacy throughout the tale. Mrs. Roberts does not succeed as well as she might in showing the essential comedy of the situation, and the introduction of a cosmic figure who sees the present as a panorama joined to the past history of the district does a great deal to tangle the fragile thread of the story. There is, however, deft character description which, though a little bulky for the length of the novel, makes it worth reading.

JOB: The Story of a Simple Man, by Joseph Roth; Viking, $2.50.

THIS IS A simple and moving modernization of the Bible story told in a poetic prose which makes the analogy more complete. Mendel Singer is a good and pious Jew in Russia who suffers the breaking up of his family, emigration to strange America, the death of his wife and son, and the disgrace of his daughter, and who is restored to faith at the moment he defies his God by a modern miracle. Dorothy Thompson's translation is unusually fine.

CRANMER, by Hilaire Belloc; Lippincott, $5.00.

THIS IS MORE than a biography of a single man. It is, rather, a picture of the causes back of the disruption of the Catholic power in England and of the dramatic struggle of opposing factions. Through the turmoil the figure of Cranmer insinuates its way, consistent only in his one steadfast purpose of overthrowing the ancient form of worship. The need of a skilled advocate to justify Henry VII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon originally dragged this obscure but erudite churchman into politics. Weak, timid, and entirely subservient to those in power, Cranmer sent men and women to the stake to be burned for heresies which he inwardly believed to be the true faith. He perished at that stake himself — loyal to his convictions at the last, though only after a previous recantation of them. However faulty he may have been as a man, Cranmer has a permanent place in history as a great scholar and a master of the English language. Mr. Belloc paints his portrait with searching minuteness of detail and, in doing so, has also given an admirable and living picture of his period. This is one of his best books — a worthy addition to the trilogy of biographies which also includes *Richelieu* and *Wolsey*. Like them, it is colored by Mr. Belloc's Catholicism, but like them it is brilliantly readable.

THE ALMOND TREE, by Grace Zaring Stone; Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50.

DESPITE THE rather misleading title this is not, like *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, a novel of modern China. Mrs. Stone has chosen Washington, D. C. for her setting, and her principal characters are three middle aged sisters, together

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Books

with the adolescent daughter of the youngest and most beautiful of the three. Mother and daughter fall in love with the same man, each unaware of the other's feelings, and it is around this slowly developing drama that the book is built. Mrs. Stone has a delicate and skilful touch, and a sense of the nuances in social situations. Emotions as she handles them, however, are attenuated if subtle, and though this novel — the choice, incidentally of the Book League of America — is civilized and readable, it falls a little flat.

RETURN I DARE NOT, by Margaret Kennedy; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

ABANDONING the inimitable Sangers, Margaret Kennedy has written a fragile and ironic story of a young English playwright exposed to the perils of too much success. Obliged to strike a pose for the benefit of his adoring public, Hugo Pott is in danger of losing his integrity and individuality, and of becoming merely an amenable automaton. The course of his life, however, is changed at a week-end houseparty — where he fails to please an exalted gathering of literary parasites and society beauties, but is redeemed from sterility by a sternly disapproving young girl who loves him and rescues him from his predicament. This is a clever and amusing book, but it is also thin, artificial, and by no means so ingratiating as *The Constant Nymph*.

THE LIFE OF IBSEN, by Halvdan Koht; American Scandinavian Foundation — Norton, $7.50.

THIS BIOGRAPHY, now translated into English, was published in Norway to coincide with the Ibsen centenary in 1928. It embodies the most recent and thorough research into the life and work of the great dramatist and will probably remain the authoritative book on him for some time to come. As editor of Ibsen's letters, which appeared in the latter's lifetime, Professor Koht had exceptional opportunities for conferring personally with Ibsen and learning at first hand his own interpretation of passages in his life. Sober truth-telling is the most striking characteristic of the book — a technique by which Ibsen is humanized and viewed not as a prophet but as a man. Professor Koht has avoided complex and exhaustive over-interpretation of his material and has allowed Ibsen to interpret himself through his own written and spoken utterances. Although the book claims to be biography rather than a literary study, it is the biography of a man who lived little in outer events and much in his own spirit — whose inner experiences resulted in those eruptive dramas that changed the moral outlook of the world.

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FORUM

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THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD

In these hard times, when the outstretched palm and the low-voiced stranger bar every attempt to walk in peace from one's home to one's office, it is well to read again the reflections of Monsieur Bergeret in Paris on street-corner generosity. "I have just committed a wicked action," said Monsieur Bergeret to his daughter. "I have given alms. In giving a couple of sous to Monsieur Hobbler I tasted the joy of humiliating my fellow men. I was a partner to the odious pact that gives power to the strong and leaves the weak in their weakness. I have sealed with my own seal the injustice of ages and contributed my share to depriving this man of one half of his soul." "You have done all that, papa?" asked Pauline incredulously. "Almost all that," replied her father.

The insistent activity of street beggars in almost every large American city this winter is one of the most distressing manifestations of the breakdown — temporary, we hope — of our economic individualism. The average generous-hearted citizen who resists even such an appeal to his purse is likely to be beset by remorse and a sense of selfishness. But indiscriminate giving is as harmful as indiscriminate selfishness. The chronic panhandlers and hoboes should not be suffered to flourish and increase their membership under the cloak of economic depression. Mere charity, unwisely bestowed, is not only humiliating; it is demoralizing.

Every citizen should give to the extent of his or her ability, to the central organized agencies for relief. And he should make it his business to see that appropriate cases for such relief are referred to these agencies. In New York City cards are being issued to citizens by the Central Registration Bureau for the Homeless. One of these cards handed to a street beggar will direct him to this bureau where, if his is a deserving case, he will receive prompt attention. Other American communities would do well to discourage street begging and panhandling by a similar method.

On the whole, the white collar man has probably been harder hit than the hod carrier in the last two years. Many self-respecting people who never before in their lives have been in need are at the end of their resources. These people want not charity but an opportunity to earn their living. They do not beg on the streets, and only starvation will make them turn to the breadlines. Nationwide efforts are being made to provide them with jobs, for we recognize that only along that road lies the way out of the social and economic morass in which we find ourselves. But that road out takes time. Meanwhile a good many of us may have friends and neighbors who will be everlastingly grateful for a helping hand. There is a vast difference between this sort of assistance and charity.

One of the hopeful and constructive factors emerging from the bitter experiences of this third winter of the Great Depression is an increasing national social consciousness. This is expressed in the widespread organization of relief into intelligent social agencies and in many a private friendly deed. We are, it seems, in a very real sense our brother's keeper.

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Salute to To-morrow

by **IRWIN EDMAN**

I

It would appear to require unusual blindness or a peculiarly odious mixture of brutality and sentimentalism to sing the praises of the present era or to utter thanksgiving for being alive in it. If in some timeless pre-natal Heaven one had been given one's choice it is doubtful whether anyone would wilfully have chosen this age and this particular year of it in which to make the most of the brief gift of mortality. If one is lucky enough thus far to have escaped starvation or the haunting prospect of economic insecurity, one must be very lucky indeed, or very callous, to live untouched or unaffected by the misery and uncertainty rampant about us, by wars and rumors of wars and the depressing suspicion that we are participants in the decline and possibly the shipwreck of a civilization.

There is current a perverse attempt on the part of some of the comfortably ensconced — notably clergymen — to find curious causes for jubilation in the present turn of events. We are practically asked to be delighted with the present economic debacle and the spectacle of international collapse on the ground that suffering millions, and those who suffer less, may learn certain spiritual lessons. The fall in wages is to teach us that wealth is not everything, and the inability to buy two cars and a radio is a prompting to retreat for our happiness to spiritual values such as prayer and contemplation, where, it is pointed out, our true felicity, however much a perverse and wicked generation has forgotten it, is always to be found. There is not much intelligence in that form of thanksgiving for human disaster, nor, though it be uttered by Christian clergymen, very much charity. Nor is it flattering the intelligence or goodness of a Creator to suppose he could find no less painful or inefficient means of imparting edification.

Yet it occurs to the writer that without swallowing the philosophy of Pollyanna or taking a grim moral delight in other people's disasters (from which by some lucky fluke one is free) it is still possible, since this is willy-nilly the age in which we live, to say something in its behalf. Even the depression itself, so pregnant with ruin, has one odd but unmistakable silver lining. It centers attention upon the real causes for concern. It does, or should, make ridiculous and impossible all cults of disillusion founded on the luxury of self-pity or of romantic and artificial despair. In periods where urgent and authentic problems are relatively few, there is time and energy for parading as a minor Hamlet. In boom days it is easy enough to afford worry about the meaninglessness of life and the absurdity of destiny. The devil of neurosis finds plenty of work for the idle minds of a decadent society. At least those who have escaped overwhelming misery at the present time have the bracing challenge of genuine and objective problems and the incitements of a very real and very disturbed world to clear away the miasmas of invented tribulations. The disillusionist is shocked into emerging from his weeping at his private wailing wall. He rises from his synthetic darknesses to the daylight, even if it is a November one, of actual difficulties. He is wakened from the inward brooding of a prolonged adolescense to the mature concerns of an adult in a living and challengingly changing world.

The sense of that living change is indeed possibly the prime cause for satisfaction at living in the present era. Every age is, in the long run, an age of transition. But there can never have been an epoch when the acceleration, the impact, and the exhilaration of change were so apparent. Much of the calm disillusion and the quiet desperation that accompany middle age is the abdicating sense

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of filling a fixed and fatal niche in a fixed and canalized society, of living and having to live out one's days without the prospect of seeing or experiencing anything radically new under the sun. At the present moment, if ever, civilization would appear, in more than a rhetorical sense, to be at a parting of the ways, and we, its participants, in the imminent presence of great events. The events in prospect, moreover, are not simply those of momentary excitement and impressiveness; they are genuinely portentous with possibility. Recently even invention and exploration had begun to pall. They were simply novel gadgets in the same old world. A frigidaire is an improvement on an icebox, but the frigidaire seemed to find room only in the old familiar pattern of a home, and the home had the usual context in the traditional social and economic pattern. Airplanes cut distances, but at their destinations it was possible only to expect already unbearable banalities. In the realm of ideas even novelties came to seem but variants in the familiar matrix that three centuries of science had imposed on the modern mind.

In the realms both of practice and of ideas change cuts deeper and looms more imminent now. There are — the pressure of events has forced the recognition on the dullest of imaginations — immensely important doings afoot, nor is the adventure of mankind less interesting now because it is at the moment so clearly fraught with danger. Actual war threatens and conflict of world-wide destruction is not beyond the present bounds of belief. In the mere attempt to avert that possibility, and in the challenge, coming ever more sharply close, to save civilization from more insidious forms of collapse — industrial paralysis, starvation, and anarchy — peace itself is coming to be something of that moral equivalent for war which William James twenty years ago mildly thought could be found in sports.

"The adventure of mankind," when H. G. Wells mentioned it in the pastoral days before the war, used to seem a rhetorical phrase. It can seem so no longer. For when millions of able bodied men can find no work, when coffee, cotton, and wheat must be destroyed in various parts of the world while millions shiver and starve, it has become clear that whether we want it or not, we are facing the near necessity of a fundamental revision of capitalist society. The hope of the world and the guarantee of something like a fresh start lie in the very hopelessness, apparent even to its present leaders and masters, of the present system of production and distribution. It has hitherto seemed possible to muddle through, a consideration comforting and narcotic to the laziness, the provincialism, and the stolidity of mankind. There has never been so good a chance, because there has never been so blatant a necessity, to consider and to bring about drastic reshaping of the present economic order. The hope of change was once confined to the daring and imaginative few. Within the last year the imperativeness of it has been driven in upon millions who for the first time face the prospect of a new order with intense eagerness and inquiry, since they have nothing to lose with the old but bitterness and want and disillusion. If the house of civilization has come very near to tumbling about our ears, at least it has caused more people than ever before, including many who might otherwise never have had their attention called to it, to realize that that house needs immediate setting in order. Once it was the futile hope of an intelligent and impassioned minority that it might persuade mankind that something needed to be done. Mankind has bitterly found that out for itself.

If the economic order, in very peril of its life, is bound — and that probably within our lifetime — to undergo fundamental revision, it goes without saying that change will not stop there, with the economic order. It never has stopped there in the past. No one is qualified to say what the new order will be like, but there is no question that a fundamental economic reorganization will involve changes more intimate and more inclusive. It will involve the transformation of all our ideas and emotions as well. It will be a change of the matrix in which all our ideas and emotions, in which indeed all current and traditional conceptions of "the good life" have been set. We can no longer look forward, as progressive minded people have looked forward in the past, to a better world. The kind of world in which we may expect to live will inevitably be totally changed in character. It will, if anarchy or destruction does not overtake us first, be not a better world but a very different kind of good one.

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II

It is the radicality of the transformation of life that makes the prospect of civilization at present so arresting and absorbing. Old men are fond of pointing out to their grandsons how different the world looks now than it did to them when they were boys. But the changes of the last twenty years are relatively miniscular compared with what may be expected if fundamental economic change is brought about. For despite all the novelty of the last thirty years, most of the actual changes are external, mechanical, and trivial in character. But a fundamental reorganization (in which in one way or another increased socialization and increased application of scientific method to human problems will play a large part) will affect, as the mere intimation and beginning of those changes is already affecting, the whole psychic patterns of our lives.

Such a reorganization in the direction of a co-operative commonwealth founded on a scientific rationale of production and distribution may be expected to reduce some of the chief causes of unhappiness in the past. Whether it does or not, the mere chance that it might do so is an exhilaration and an extenuation of life in this era. For even the comfortable beneficiaries of the present social and economic chaos (and they are growing fewer and fewer in number) have not always or for the most part taken out their unearned increments in happiness. For as T. S. Eliot somewhere incidentally but profoundly remarks, it would be impossible for the most subtle psychiatry to make well souls in a sick society.

In our civilization most work is slavish. By the same token, however disguised they may be, most of our pleasures are mean or silly. The soul — Plato long ago pointed this out in the tenth book of the *Republic* — is qualified by the Commonwealth it lives in. The tyrant, as he suggests, is not the only tyrannous soul in the tyrant state. Even our pleasures, not to speak of our souls, are corrupted by a corrupt society. Many flee from the crudities and cruelties of our civilization to alleged high art. It is generally a cheap refuge. Its consolations are thin and tinkling. It is a retreat from our works and days, not a fulfillment of them. Even the purest of its enjoyments are polluted. Sordid echoes of the slums reach even the ivory tower, and one can only hear even rarified music by trying to forget — the beginning of a neurosis — the tawdry discords of existence. And what may be said of the arts in our present civilization may be equally and as truly said of religion. The latter, in most of its forms, is so empty and so formal because it has so remote a relation to the moving concerns and animating issues of our social experience. The order of things as they are has thus to offer us a set of depressing facts, on the one hand, and irrelevant or narcotic pleasures and ideals on the other. Art and religion, which are the flowering spirits of a society, cannot flourish where the body politic and economic is sick.

All this might seem to be an additional cause for melancholy save that these very symptoms, distressing as they are, are symptoms of an end which is itself a beginning. An untold proportion of the psychical maladjustments of our contemporaries come from that rift between our realities and our ideals which the current system imposes upon us. A society in which a planned economy and a co-operative life were more completely in evidence would cure those diseases of the spirit which have a disturbed social order as their unconscious roots. We are still painfully trying to "carry on" with ideals that cannot function, if they ever really did, in a civilization whose economic foundations are rocking. We know how much of the entanglements of twisted notions and practices of family and sex, of national and class loyalties, would disappear with that economic reorganization which our tragic and patent necessities are forcing upon us. The mere prospect of such an amelioration, so much now in the climate of opinion, is already loosening, as indeed the shock of the war loosened, those frictions and frustrations that arise from anachronistic traditions. Parents are already daring to bring up their children in anticipation of a freer and more reasonable society. They are determining (and finding schools to implement their determination) that their children shall grow up with the habits of intelligence and liberation that would be relevant to a liberated and intelligent social order. The old cry and the dismaying suspicion that human nature cannot be changed are losing their force and their point. We are seeing it change under our eyes with

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the changes in the world in which it will have to operate. Is it too romantic to dream that when impulses narrow, predatory, and cruel are robbed of their provocations and their occasions, the gentler and more humane virtues may come to fruition? The excitement of the prospect before us lies not simply in the fact that our institutions are changing but that such a root readjustment cannot help but transform in the direction of courage, insight, and charity the human characters which are the products of those institutions. It cannot but be inspiriting to take part and to take sides in the hastening of that transmuting of the conditions of life in which not only the world but our own souls — or those, at any rate, of our children — may be saved. To take part and to take sides is said advisedly. For profoundly as social transformation is prescribed by our necessities, it is not to be expected that the beneficiaries of things as they are, or the stupid or the timid, are alive to the necessities or agreed to them. It is courage as well as intelligence that is called for, and a willingness to scrap narrow loyalties to a past or to a class for larger ones to humanity and to the future.

III

THERE ARE doubtless those, especially among the old, who are frightened by the rapidity of the changes in progress. But life itself is a flux, and to be frightened by change is the first admission of death. Even if some of the graces, amenities, and mellownesses of tradition are passing, such as remain are no longer really native to our age. The ideas and the attachments no less than the stained glass and the spires of an earlier civilization are not ours nor in our stars. There is much — the homely virtues of the traditional family life, the tenderness of long religious tradition and its known consolations and the friendly solemnities of its rituals, the warm huddling fraternity of national or of class feeling — that is bound to go with the break-up of that past whose end we seem to be witnessing. We may feel, some of us who are wedded to the long European tradition of religion and art and social life, as Plato did seeing Athens decay. But the contemporary need not brood on a twilight of the gods. To the imagination bred on the perspectives of astronomy and geology, it is impossible to believe that nature is not prolific, that history has seen its last or most splendid flowering, or that only the civilizations we have known can be good. The passing order had its own cruelties and stupidities lurking among its beauties and its successes. If it were not so, we should not be where we are. And we are too young to this prospect of a socially reasonable and a humanly effective society to realize what sources of imaginative vitality we have never touched, what flowers of art and spirit a truly liberated and effective commonwealth might generate.

There is, moreover, for us at this special juncture, at this watershed of perspective, facing the heritage of an old and apparently a dying world and the prospects of a new and more generously living one, a special human privilege. We are like those cultivated Romans who, living in the sunset of the Graeco-Roman world, could respect and understand the fresh though barbarous vitality of the North. The passing world has left us its dreams and its monuments; undreamed of possibilities and passions and goods lie in that vision and inventive construction of the new order to which we are being forced.

Nor is it possible to be anything less than revivified by the consideration of how very young is the whole of that scientific method which has scarcely yet started in its applications to human problems, how young it is even in its mastery of the physical world, and how precocious in its inquiries into that reality whose ultimate nature man has always tormented himself to know. Our institutions and social arts are largely pre-rational inheritances. If we have blundered so badly in politics and morals and education (and failed to see how profoundly all the three are bound) it is because we have only begun to use in our relations to one another that comprehensive and objective insight and method which has been so fruitful in the physical world. If medicine and mechanics have not yet said their last word in bringing us the basic requisites of ease and health, psychiatry and education are, in their modern sense, mere infants. And the newer physics itself has released us from that provincial nightmare of an alien world and the deadening concept of a tight and fatal materialism which oppressed the nineteenth century. The astronomers and the physicists

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have taught us of late how narrowly we had conceived the frame and the processes of things, how much more movement and freedom there is on heaven and earth than had been dreamed of in our philosophy.

There is glamour a-plenty in the prospect of life in a new society. That glamour may not be enough to live by, and there is something more to live by and for. If it is true, as it seems to be, that a new order is both possible and imperative, there is no one but ourselves to bring it about. It calls for every resource of intelligence, generosity, and social imagination. The affairs of the world which seemed so remote in comparison with private passions now begin to make those private passions seem pale. For the issue is one between destruction and creation. It is up to us to die with the old civilization or participate in the creation of the new. It is not given to every generation to have that alternative.

Painful, too, though the immediate chaos about us may be, it still has its extenuations. In the hum of prosperity, success seemed possible for everyone, and success had a fixed and narrow meaning. Young men could start their career hoping to end up in that conventional affluence and respectable fame in which their elders were comfortably settled. But before the present generation of youth has reached maturity, the old kinds of success may have disappeared as, for a greater and greater number, they are already becoming impossible.

The speed, the excitement, the extravagance of the closing epoch have brought us nowhere but to unhappiness. There has been a general deflation not only of prices but of values. And in that deflation hitherto unperceived values have come to the center of attention. It is not altogether depressing to live in a period that has discovered its own foolishness and recognized it must put its house in order or perish. It is not altogether bad to live in an era where the cool and efficient skepticisms of science promise us freedom as well as power. It is scarcely a hopeless epoch that provokes not only the dreamers but also the practical men of affairs to take thought of how to make the world fit for human beings to live in. From the point of view of a rational society we are at the very beginning of things, and it is ours to shape them. A god could not ask more.

Owen D. Young

Presidential Possibilities — VI

***by* JONATHAN MITCHELL**

OWEN D. YOUNG is one of the two or three outstanding candidates for the 1932 Democratic Presidential nomination. This is so, despite the fact he personally has made no move whatever toward the nomination. One of his close friends insists that not a two-cent stamp has been spent on his candidacy.

If Mr. Young is elected President next year, he will share one characteristic with his two immediate predecessors. Both Coolidge and Hoover are essentially shy men. All three men employ little protective devices in meeting people. Calvin Coolidge used to sit back in his chair and steadfastly regard his thumbs. Hoover, so White House scouts report, leans forward and peers at his shoes, or into the Presidential wastebasket. Mr. Young has on his desk in the General Electric offices at 120 Broadway, New York City, a number of venerable pipes, and lighting one of them and keeping it lit can busy him for minutes at a time.

When Young does speak, however, he speaks with the most complete candor. On the day Hoover's war-debts-reparations moratorium

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was announced last June, Young was asked for a statement. He said: "Coming at a time when we were all beginning to doubt whether a democracy could act promptly, wisely, and helpfully, it (the moratorium) is most encouraging. . . ."

Mr. Young's associates in the General Electric, and in American industry and finance generally, have extraordinary respect and affection for him. He can be counted upon to say precisely what he thinks. Many people, in an uncertain and shifting world, find this comforting.

If Young becomes Democratic candidate for President next year, presumably there will be a stout attempt to romanticize his career. When he was sixteen, his mother mortgaged the Young farm near Van-Hornesville, New York, for $1000, so that Owen could go to college. With that as a start, Young has risen to world economic leadership.

Drawing by K. S. Woerner

The favorite story of the human race is the story of the boy who miraculously finds the magic sword and kills the dragon and wins the princess. (Any good Freudian will cheerfully tell you why this is so, but we needn't go into that.) Colonel Lindbergh is the greatest of modern heroes, principally because he fits this pattern so beautifully. One morning at Roosevelt Field Lindbergh was poor, obscure, friendless; the next day he was in Paris, sought after, famous, rich. The whole world went crazy with delight.

It will be hard for campaign writers to discover anything miraculous in Owen D. Young's career. He is fifty-six, and during most of his life he has worked evenings and Saturday afternoons, and done a great deal of hard, quiet, accurate thinking. Most of us know that this is the way success is most often achieved, and most of us hate to be reminded of it.

With the $1000 mortgage money, Young went to St. Lawrence University in up-state New York, not far from Van Hornesville. It was coeducational, and there he met the girl, Miss Josephine S. Edmonds, whom he afterward married. Incidentally, Mrs. Young has been a lifelong Republican, and throughout the 1928 campaign, in which her husband was one of the chief backers of Al Smith, wore a Hoover button.

From St. Lawrence, Owen went to Boston University Law School. He worked his way through, and afterward obtained a job with a Boston law firm. Corporation law was then becoming enormously important; many of Young's elders found themselves lost amid the intricacies of modern business and finance. He succeeded in winning a number of cases against the General Electric Company, and in 1912, when he was thirty-nine years old, he was invited to become the General Electric's chief counsel. In 1922, by natural evolution, he was elected chairman of the board.

Mr. Young has taken his great success very calmly. He hasn't had to reassure himself by having his office done over in imitation of a twelfth-century Gothic cathedral, for example, or by buying a two thousand-ton yacht to use in Long Island Sound. Partly this is due to his own integrity of character, but partly, perhaps, it is due to the fact that Owen D. Young is a country boy.

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The farmers of America, ever since the founding of the Republic, have always been the real rulers of the country, and our best people. The Young family, in Owen's boyhood, was wretchedly poor, but there was no hesitation in mortgaging the farm to send him to college. It probably never occurred to his mother there was anything in life which did not rightfully belong to him, or any position in the community he could not fill.

The older people of Van Hornesville still call Mr. Young Owen. "Owen's quiet," they say, "but he's smart." To them there is nothing surprising in the fact that the great powers of Europe selected him to preside over the making of a new plan for German reparations in 1929. The great powers of Europe were pretty lucky to get a Van Hornesville boy.

In point of fact, the tradition of pioneer Americanism which Young inherits from Van Hornesville was of great service to him in Europe. He was one of the rare representatives of the United States who felt no need either to apologize for his country, or to boast about it. The result was that he was able to win the respect and confidence of European statesmen and diplomaticos to an astonishing degree.

It is also true that Europeans were inclined to be romantic about Young because he is long and lanky, and has deeply lined eyes. Europeans, being brought up on pictures of Uncle Sam and Abraham Lincoln, expect all Americans to look this way, and are disappointed that few do. They were delighted at Young's dry, homely humor, which was supposed to be peculiarly American. At the meeting of the Dawes Committee, for example, immediately after the German orgy of inflation, Young told the Germans: "You've had a grand picnic; when are you going to clean up the beach?" Far from this being resented in Germany, the *Neue Berliner Zeitung* shortly afterward proposed that Young be named King Owen I of Europe.

Mr. Young maintains a Park Avenue apartment in New York City and a summer place in Connecticut, but his legal voting residence is Van Hornesville. There he has a big, old-fashioned clapboarded house, with scrollwork decorations and, frankly, pretty ugly. He keeps a desk in the empty barn out behind. He likes to sit in the barn and think.

He is very fond of Van Hornesville. His mother lived there until her death, a short time ago, at the age of ninety-two, and the town is probably the nearest thing to a hobby he has. He has never had the hardihood, however, to indulge himself in any wide gestures of philanthropy. The two hundred-odd Van Hornesville inhabitants and the surrounding farmers would resent it. Instead, what he has done has been to see that a milk station was established at Van Hornesville, and that the town's general store was put on an efficient basis. The farmers now have a place to sell and a place to buy, and under its own Young Plan Van Hornesville is growing prosperous.

About a year ago Mr. Young decided Van Hornesville needed a new schoolhouse. He did not give the town one. He called the neighbors together, and said they all ought to build one, and they did, as charming an example of New York-Dutch architecture as you are likely to find. On the schoolhouse was affixed a bronze plaque, giving each neighbor's name and what he or she did. At the bottom appears: "Owen D. Young, Rocking-chair Consultant."

It is in the early American tradition to set great store in public school education, and in book-learning generally. Mr. Young is trustee of Teacher's College at Columbia, member of the General Education Board and of the Bibliophile Society and Grolier Club. He has LL.D. degrees from Brown, California, Colgate, Columbia, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, New York University, Princeton, Rutgers, Tufts, Union, and Yale. This is not so choice a collection as that of Nicholas Murray Butler, for instance. However, Dr. Butler, being in the degree-bestowing business himself, possibly receives a trade discount. For a private citizen, Mr. Young's degree collection must rank very high.

His Chances

Young's personal virtues, however, have almost nothing to do with the question of whether he is to be the next Democratic candidate for President. Presidential candidates are chosen by politicians, and politicians are severely practical people, who have their livings to make, just like the rest of us.

At the present time, Democratic state leaders, whatever they may say publicly, are extremely annoyed by the candidacy of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York. This

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annoyance has nothing to do with Roosevelt personally. It is simply that they are opposed to any candidate becoming so strong, in advance of the national convention, that his managers will not need to bargain with them for their support.

Moreover, "original Roosevelt men" (and women) are now popping up in every state. This is an added irritant. If Governor Roosevelt is nominated and elected, these original Roosevelt supporters are going to demand a voice in the distribution of federal patronage. To state leaders, this is an alarming possibility.

Ever since his defeat three years ago, Al Smith has been building office buildings and saying nothing. He is still the official head of the Democratic party, however, and he has conspicuously refrained from endorsing the candidacy of Governor Roosevelt. There is every indication that Al Smith does not intend to permit Roosevelt to eliminate him prematurely from the Democratic picture.

It is possible that Smith and Roosevelt (they are personal friends) will be able to reach some mutually satisfactory agreement. It is also possible they won't. What is certain is that many Democratic state leaders hope they won't, and hope that Al Smith will lend his strength and political skill to the anti-Roosevelt fight.

Should this situation develop, there is an excellent chance that the candidate of the anti-Roosevelt-Smith forces will be Owen D. Young. From the strictly professional point of view, Mr. Young possesses many advantages. Chief among them, perhaps, is the fact that he would be superlatively acceptable to Eastern business interests, without whose approval, or at least neutrality, the Democratic Party cannot reasonably hope to carry the country.

Many extremely influential Democrats are urging Mr. Young's nomination. Two conspicuous Young supporters, for example, are Bernard M. Baruch and Herbert Bayard Swope. Mr. Baruch has been a power in the Democratic party ever since the first Wilson administration. Mr. Swope, as executive editor of the now defunct New York *World*, was one of the first people to urge Al Smith for the Presidency, and had a large share in Smith's pre-convention campaigns, both in 1924 and 1928. (Herbert Swope's brother, Gerard Swope, is president of the General Electric, and Mr. Young's closest business associate.)

It can be authoritatively stated that Al Smith does not want the nomination for himself, or more exactly, he does not want it unless prohibition is to be the sole issue of the 1932 campaign. In a straight wet-and-dry fight, he believes he could beat any dry Republican, including Mr. Hoover. Otherwise, he is prepared to step aside for some other candidate.

Al Smith does want, however, recognition of his position in the Democratic party. He wants to be consulted in the naming of the candidate and, if the Democrats should win, in the framing of the new administration's policies. Governor Roosevelt, in his three years at Albany, has never shown much inclination to consult with Smith. Mr. Young, on the other hand, is known to have great admiration for Smith's political skill, and should he be the candidate, would presumably wish his help and advice. Many political observers believe Al Smith has already agreed to support Young at the coming convention.

The present economic depression, even if business improves somewhat, is almost certain to be the overriding issue of the 1932 campaign. An important part of this issue is the question of Europe's war debts. Mr. Hoover's moratorium expires on June 30, 1932, and it is extremely unlikely that Germany will be either able, or willing, to resume reparations payments. Sometime within the next few months, this country will have to reconsider its whole economic policy toward Europe.

This gives a certain dramatic touch to Mr. Young's candidacy. Probably no other American knows as much about the war-debts-reparations question as he does. To his candor, tact, and amazing ability as a negotiator are largely due the stabilization of the German reichsmark by the Dawes Committee in 1924, and the creation of the Bank for International Settlements by the Young Committee in 1929 — the two most important events of Europe's post-war financial history. If exporters and international bankers were Presidential electors, Mr. Young probably could start composing his inaugural speech to-day.

It is now generally known that President Hoover's moratorium offer last June was due not to his own initiative, but to the insistent pleadings and even threats of Young and his

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friends. Nearly a year ago, in the autumn of 1930, Mr. Young became convinced that Germany needed help. He first suggested that the United States Government, in view of the twenty per cent drop in world commodity prices, propose a proportionate reduction in war debt and reparations payments. This suggestion was very frigidly received in Washington.

Mr. Young found collaborators in S. Parker Gilbert, former Agent-General for Reparations and now J. P. Morgan partner, George L. Harrison, Governor of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, and Eugene Meyer, Jr., Governor of the Washington Federal Reserve Board. After considerable missionary work by all hands, converts were made of two administration members, Secretary of State Stimson and Under Secretary of the Treasury Mills.

By April of this year, alarming reports began to come from Germany. A twenty per cent reduction of reparations would no longer suffice, and Mr. Hoover was implored to announce a complete moratorium. The White House again was unresponsive. It was reported that the President appreciated the precariousness of Germany's position and desired to take some remedial action, but feared the political consequences in this country.

April went by and May; still Mr. Hoover hesitated. On the weekend of June 13–15, as he was about to leave on a Middle Western speaking tour, Mr. Hoover was summarily told that if he did not take action within seventy-two hours, it was probable that the German government would be compelled to act independently, thus precipitating a world crisis. Mr. Hoover rushed through his speaking engagements, broke several train records, and returned to Washington to announce publicly the moratorium on June twentieth.

Young's Stand on Prohibition

It may be pointed out that, among other Presidential qualifications, Mr. Young is a Protestant, a member of the Universalist church. He is also a fisherman. Concerning prohibition, his one recorded pronunciamiento (made during the 1928 campaign) is as follows: "As a liberal, I resent the whole theory of the (Eighteenth) constitutional amendment, and the fanaticism and unreasonableness of the Volstead law; but on the other hand, I, for one, do not propose to take any chance on liquor again obtaining the upper hand in this country. I wish a sane law, wisely administered and capable of being honestly enforced." Offhand, this would seem to be a very neat straddle, particularly for a man who has had no experience in practical politics. However, it happens to be exactly what Mr. Young feels.

The General Electric Company, since Young has become chairman of the board, has divested itself of all public utility holdings. It is nevertheless true that the "power trust" remains General Electric's best customer, and the two are closely allied. However, when Al Smith was campaigning, several years ago, for public ownership in New York State, Mr. Young declared: "I can see no objection, but, on the contrary, can see some advantages to the development of the great water powers on the St. Lawrence and in the gorge of Niagara by a public corporation, rather than by a private corporation."

He has likewise suggested public ownership of the radio. The radio is Mr. Young's pride; he created the present radio patent pool, and has been largely responsible for the upbuilding of the Radio Corporation of America. Testifying before a United States Senate committee not long ago, Mr. Young urged the formation of a huge public corporation to include all the communication services of the country, the radio, telephone, telegraph, and cables.

Occasionally it has been suggested that the fact that Mr. Young is scheduled to receive Al Smith's support will prove to be a handicap at the national convention, rather than a help. This is nonsense. Al Smith has immense strength in the Democratic party, and however much Southern drys may hate to admit it, it is unlikely anyone can obtain the nomination without his approval.

Mr. Young does not believe his nomination is likely, and is not sure he would be pleased if it were. While it is true that no one has ever refused the Presidency, Mr. Young has a sincere horror of the unceasing publicity and formality of the White House. He watches the maneuvers of his friends with some uneasiness. A short time ago, he wrote to one of them, warning him against wasting his effort. "At a horse race," said Mr. Young, "I make it a rule never to bet on an unwilling horse, much less a balky one."

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A Mandate for Manchuria

by **H. B. ELLISTON**

CHINESE WAR LORDS have a marvelous influence over world diplomacy. They are capable of making the statesmen of a score of countries drop their work and fret and fume together in a mountain of agitation which keeps the world's press agog. This occurred in 1929. It is occurring again to-day. A biennial eruption from Manchuria seems part of the schedule of world statesmanship until something is done about it.

Yet the cause of this frock-coated pother in Geneva and Washington is completely feudal. I once discovered one of the greatest of Chinese chieftains, the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin, until three years ago generalissimo of China, threatening to write to the King of England because the British minister at Pekin would not give him a loan. An ex-bandit, he knew no better. His feet were in the twentieth century, but his head was in the seventeenth. Shrewd as Machiavelli in politics, he was as ignorant as a baby about anything outside his ken, including the elementary facts of world polity, even world geography. England was some place "over the horizon" where a king ruled, presumably with as definite an ownership over his subjects as Chang possessed over his.

Chang was a graduated war lord. Others are irregular, being simply bandit chiefs who, profiting temporarily from a cessation of strong-arm government, fleece the countryside in return for "protection." But, whether regular or irregular, they are alike in admitting no restraint; owing allegiance neither to constitution nor parliament, they are a law unto themselves — so long, that is, as they are able to retain their fief. Since they live in daily fear that one day some upstart may throw them out, their motto is, "Sufficient unto the day is the loot thereof!" In the choice Chinese phrase, they "eat" their jobs.

A Chinese war lord's methods of "eating" his bailiwick are unique. One that applies in Manchuria may be mentioned. The local chief uses his own paper money from which his constant use of the printing press has squeezed a great proportion of its face value, and pays it to the farmer for produce which is sold on the world market for honest specie. The profits are enormous. Perhaps the reader has noticed the reports of the hoards of bar silver that the Japanese are sending out of Manchuria to their war lord owners now in China proper. A diet of this sort keeps the pasha overfed with all the appurtenances of a court reeking of opium and peopled by concubines. When the inevitable torpor from such a life sets in, the excellency gives place to a more enterprising rival, who in turn becomes as soft, and therefore as easy to remove, as his predecessor. So it has gone on these last twenty years.

In the initial "breaking in" of a bailiwick,

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the incumbent has to exercise a little forbearance. He will allow the countryside some chance to recuperate so that the pickings may become fat again. That is about the only piece of luck that the Chinese farmer knows. For the rest, though "own brother to the ox," he remains underfed on food that Western cattle would scorn, always wondering whether the next twist in the whirligig will snuff him out of existence.

Feudal China is just as valid a picture of Chinese conditions as nationalist China. The war lord's irresponsibility brings him often into collision with the foreign powers which hold pockets of jurisdiction in China. In Manchuria, called extra-mural China because it lies beyond the Great Wall, collisions are more frequent. In that land of Canaan, as big as Texas and New Mexico combined, the Soviet Union and Japan are entrenched with pockets of jurisdiction which antedate the Republic, being originally obtained when to the world Manchuria was a howling wilderness, but to its owners, the Manchu dynasty of China, a private hunting ground. Then the Chinese looked upon it as foreign soil. And the Manchu emperors, afraid of what Professor E. A. Ross once called the racial vitality of the Chinese people, took care to keep their conquered subjects ever mindful of that fact.

But the Manchu dynasty is no more. And the northward trek of the Chinese in the last fifteen years has given them 95 per cent of Manchuria's population. Beyond a peradventure Manchuria is China. A feeling of nationalism from China proper has been carried into Manchuria. It has been directed by a foreign-educated intelligentsia, in the main honest and sincere in their convictions. But to them the first essential in establishing a new China is not to overthrow the war lords, but to bring under Chinese rule the pockets of foreign jurisdiction which still prevent China from being mistress in her own house. Nationalism, adolescent and anti-foreign, has little time to think of anything else. The tragedy is that in bringing the pockets, which have blossomed into oases, under Chinese rule, nationalism is bringing them under war lord misrule. The students do the shouting, and the satraps come along in the rear, ready to stake out their claims, eager to "eat" them.

To such throwbacks the nations have bequeathed the rôle of world arbiter. War lord irresponsibility in 1929 in trying to dispossess the U.S.S.R. of its pocket, which is a sizable equity in the Chinese Eastern Railway in North Manchuria, had many consequences. We now know that it actually prevented a serious American move toward the recognition of the U.S.S.R. Recognition was on the tapis in July, 1929. But Mr. Litvinoff's tart response to Mr. Stimson's Manchurian overtures under the ægis of the Kellogg Pact put the prospect in the discard.

Illustrations by Lowell Balcom

The blast from the Kremlin was indeed blistering. To the Bolshevists the Kellogg Pact simply did not apply in a region like Manchuria. All they had on their hands was a bandit nuisance with its roots in the seventeenth century. Moscow entered North Manchuria for the purpose, not of starting a war, but of administering a sharp slap to the local Chinese chieftain. Bolshevik airmen bombed the Chinese rabble soldiery with bags of soot, decayed cabbages, and other Gilbertian weapons.

It was onto this absurd stage that Mr. Stimson, after a frock-coated powwow with the Washington diplomats, entered in the full panoply of *defensor pacis*. In addition to his advice to Moscow, he sent advice to Nanking—a tender which had as much relevance to Man-

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churia as if he had dispatched it to Timbuctoo. No wonder the Bolsheviks were peeved. When Mr. Stimson published his last note to Nanking, Moscow was negotiating in Siberia with the local nabob in Manchuria.

The Soviet Union did not wait for such twentieth-century formalities as a return to the *status quo ante* as the prelude to negotiations. It was content with the rebuke it had administered. Peace was soon restored after its lightninglike foray. The reason was simple. The local chieftains, playing possum in their funk holes in the hope that a third party, the Nanking government or the League of Nations or anybody, would fight their battles for them, soon found that they had been left to fend for themselves. Precipitately they came to terms.

The Current Situation

The new dispute between China and Japan started on all fours with the dispute between China and Russia two years ago. It arose out of the same kind of local irresponsibility. For a long time Chinese war lords and nationalists, the realists acting under cover of the idealists, have been sharpshooting at the Japanese pocket in South Manchuria.

This pocket is indeed exceptional. In brief it consists of a railway called the South Manchuria Railway and a port called Dairen, an understanding of the acquisition of which will take us back over many storied pages of world history. At the turn of the century the Manchu hunting ground had become the backyard of two aggressive states, Russia and Japan. In polite diplomatic language a backyard is called a buffer state, and the reason that these curious entities have developed is the inability of the real owner to look after the property. The Manchus had become decadent. China had not yet Chinafied Manchuria. Having built the framework of economic organization in Manchuria in the shape of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the Russian Bear, Kipling's Adamzad, used it to speed his lumbering gait on his historic path to Pacific warm waters. Here he looked across the Sea of Japan to the Mikado's right little kingdom.

John Hay, America's great Secretary of State, grew troubled. He stretched America's swaddling clothes at the seams when he called upon the world to recognize the Open Door in China (meaning Manchuria). Only Russia balked, and it was left to Japan, disturbed by the sight of the Bear at the window, to bring him to heel, which she did in the Russo-Japanese War of 1905. That half of the Chinese Eastern Railway which lies in South Manchuria fell to Nippon as the prize of war and was renamed the South Manchuria Railway. It was topped off with that bit of littoral at the sea terminal of the railway where the Bear had been squatting. Railway and port, coupled with choice mining sites in the narrow strip of railway zone, take the form of a valuable neck of an inflated and potentially very valuable bottle, since Manchuria has little coast line other than that under Japanese control. Altogether it is one of the most comfortable foreign pockets in China.

But the pocket as received from Russia was inherited as a lease from China. In 1915 Japan decided that the expiration of the original lease of the land neck in 1923 was too close to be convenient. She extorted an extension from the weak Peking government by a species of bludgeoning more or less modeled on Western precedents but, as became a convert, somewhat bettering them. Nationalist China has never accustomed itself to the fact that China's signature is on the dotted line. As for feudal China, it has watched the growth of the oasis enviously, and has egged on nationalist aspirations so enthusiastically that on September 18, 1931, Japan decided to go out and meet this enfilading movement and put a stop to it. Its military are now reinsuring the treaty possession of all the rights and privileges they ever acquired in Manchuria.

There was reason for Japan's anxiety. In China its interest merely constitutes one of many foreign pockets immune from Chinese jurisdiction. In Japan that interest is regarded as the national Achilles' heel, any attempt to tread upon which fills all the Mikado's subjects, liberal and conservative, civil and military, with the kind of feeling one would get if one saw one's dinner being carried away under one's nose. The Japanese have been on short rations since their artificial war prosperity evaporated. Dr. Harold G. Moulton, in the last study of Japan, put out by the Brookings Institution, has shown with a wealth of statistical data that the country has on its hands a "crucial" population problem which cannot be solved by emigration because the two obvious

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outlets are blocked, to continental Asia by economic forces and to North America by political forces. The Japanese are trying to mitigate the severity of their problem by industrialization. They buy raw materials with finished goods, and with the profits buy foreign food to make up the deficit in their home supply.

Dr. Moulton does not go into the Manchurian connection with this economy. But the facts are available from the reports of the United States Department of Commerce and a recent study by Jutaro Yamamoto, late president of the South Manchuria Railway. The total iron ore reserves of the Japanese Empire are possibly 80,000,000 tons. Yamamoto gives the total of South Manchurian deposits under Japanese control at 1,500,000,000 tons, or twenty times more. In addition, Manchurian coal under Japanese control has an estimated reserve of 1,000,000,000 tons. Some dinner pail! And one worthy of exacting respect for, in Japanese estimation, by every able-bodied Japanese.

When they attempted to do what the Soviet Union did, however, the Japanese found themselves haled before the League of Nations, and an incident that I used to witness once every year or so became magnified into a world situation which, as the result of the premature diplomatic fuss, still impresses world opinions as holding the threat of a great Asiatic war. Foreign Minister Shidehara, unable to say boo to Geneva and Washington as Foreign Commissar Litvinoff did, is compelled to ride the Occidental horse that has been made for him, but very grudgingly.

The likeness with the Chino-Russian affair thus vanished when Geneva and Washington took a hand in it. By hiding behind the skirts of world organization, the Chinese have been able to avoid any quick settlement such as attended the trouble of two years ago. They have been encouraged to insist that Japan should return to the *status quo ante*. The respect with which this request has been received has persuaded them to come out in the open and beat the drum of what-they-might-do-if-somebody-else-does-not-do-it. In September Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-shek of the Nanking government threatened to take matters into his own hands if the League did not "rebuke" Japan. He began moving his troops, not in the direction of Japan but in the direction of Tibet, for behind the Generalissimo are enemies who are far more dangerous from his standpoint than the Japanese. Unlike the Japanese, they want to "eat" his bailiwick.

In October he instructed Alfred Sze, Chinese delegate at Geneva, to tell the world that he would enroll a national army of 2,000,000 men to fight Japan if the League still refused to "rebuke" Japan. He did not explain that before doing so he would have to secure the discharge of half a million men and get the permission of his rival war lords to enroll the remaining two million. Almost before anybody had been scratched, he jockeyed the League Secretariat and world peace organizations into talking of ways by which Japan could be rebuked, and the League Council delivered on October 24 what the newspapers, forced to take the situation at the League Council's word and to give it verisimilitude, called an ultimatum. It refused to notice either the actualities in Manchuria or Chinese nose-thumbing. So the Japanese took no notice of the League Council.

Meanwhile world peace opinion continued to talk of peaceful China having been picked upon by aggressive Japan. There is no such appeal as that of the underdog. Pacifists quite forgot that while the Japanese have been solving their population problem by working it out, the Chinese have been solving theirs by fighting it out, and with a ferocity unparalleled since the Thirty Years' War. Even Senator Borah, faced with Japan's defiance, lately admitted that this kind of prejudgment made the situation much worse. It did. Armed with this encouragement, a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Ma Chen-shan, a minor satrap in North Manchuria, sprang across five columns of the newspapers for nearly a month, declaring war on the Imperial Japanese Empire. One was faced with Ma by skeptics who smiled at one tolerantly for pooh-poohing the notion of this great Asiatic war.

When I first saw the news shrieking at me over my coffee and rolls, I thought of another headline: Thomas Campbell of Montana declares War on the British Empire. This would have been just as valid, save that Rancher Ma's tactics were being played for the benefit of the concert at Geneva, as all the correspondents admitted. In the Far East, however,

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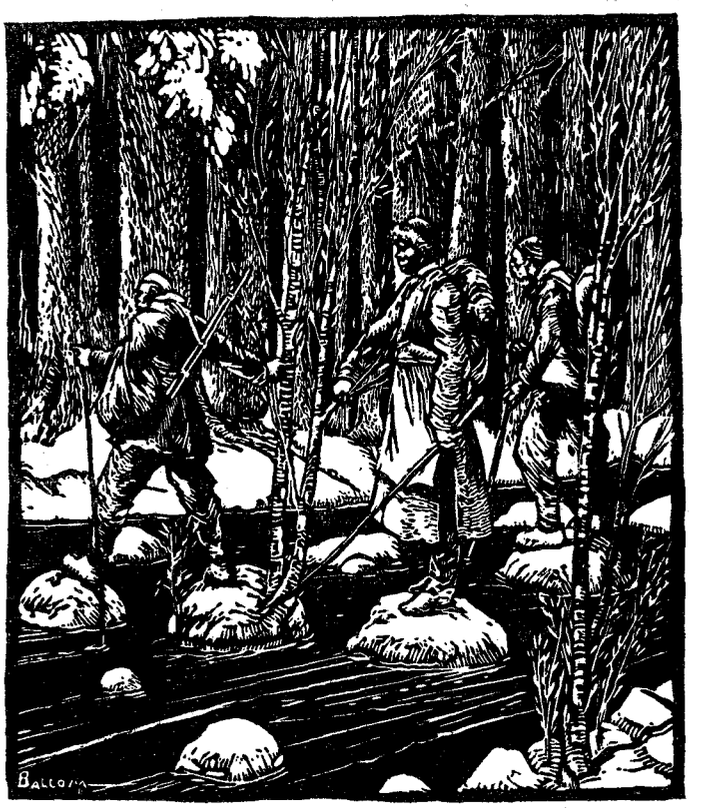
Ma's defiance promised a real show, and the gentleman's 5000 retainers presently found themselves joined by 15,000 nondescripts from Asia's deadlands and no man's lands, all scenting loot, but all vociferously hailed by the regular Manchurian war lords, safe in Peiping, as "saviors of China."

The League Misunderstands

The League Council last October 24 acted on a wrong premise. The Manchurian situation cannot be dealt with on the hypothesis that two effective governments are involved. An international dispute between two such governments is susceptible of mediation. It lends itself to such formalities as the requirement that the *status quo ante* shall be restored prior to negotiations. But the existence of what Santayana calls a no-government, or a government which cannot exercise effective control in the area of intervention, puts a dispute like this outside the pale of world pacts, as Sir Austen Chamberlain foresaw when he warned Mr. Kellogg of the dangers of universalizing the Kellogg Pact.



China is in the twilight zone of the Kellogg Pact. Strictly speaking, there is no political entity known as China, because China is inchoate. Therefore it cannot make war in any formal sense. Neither can war be made upon it. Instead of waging "wars" for the purpose of recovering the treaty pockets under foreign control, the Chinese propagandize, incite foreign peace opinion, boycott, irritate, and pinprick, until a power takes offense, whereupon it does what the Soviet Union did two years ago, and what Japan started to do when she was haled before a world concert. But this is no war threat; it is intervention.

Look at the Caribbean for some understanding of the China-foreign problem in this respect. In spite of its bulk and population, China is as ineffective as Nicaragua. Since coercive measures can hardly be described as "peaceful means," the United States' interventions in the Caribbean have been stated in some quarters as a violation of Article II of the Kellogg Pact, which pledges the signatories to use peaceful means in the settlement of disputes. So they are.

But what can the United States do? Of late years it has shown a general willingness to settle its claims with any effective government in Central America. Ineffective government — that is the trouble. It would be idle to go to court against a country which had no effective government to express its case. Hence the United States has used the weapon of intervention. The justification certainly does not lie in the Monroe Doctrine. It is known as America's Caribbean policy, which has been developed because the United States cannot allow any houses to get on fire so close to its border. Japan could plead the same justification in respect of China, but has not done so, using the excuse that coercive measures are necessary in order to persuade treaty respect. Now it has run counter to a world organization that bases its actions on the existence of a Chinese central government effective in Manchuria when as a matter of fact such an entity does not exist.

Better, of course, for world organizations to leave such local situations to work themselves out. This does not imply any abandonment of the weak to the strong. China, after being pecked by world powers for a century, has now been insured and reinsured against aggression.

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At the Washington Conference of 1921 John Hay's great work in behalf of the Open Door came to fruition and China obtained all the security she required under the Nine Power Pact which not only formalized the Open Door but safeguarded China's territorial integrity. The powers decided and are carrying out a retreat from their favored position. They pledged themselves to file with each other copies of engagements with China so that there shall be no possibility of double-crossing. The Nine Power Pact is the bulwark of China's sovereignty, and the powers should hold each other strictly accountable for its fulfillment.

Alas! this better course has not been followed. The powers played Mama to China up till the November 16 meeting of the League Council. They are now treating the affair as two-sided. They will have to go further than is promised by an investigation on the spot if they wish to rid themselves of the anxieties of attending to a biennial eruption from Manchuria. Certainly they cannot settle the problem by regarding the region as an occasional fire, and squirting water on it *via* Nanking. Such a procedure will just promote a heap of discord and postpone the day of reckoning. A new therapy is needed.

A Mandate for Manchuria

Manchuria is not an occasional fire. It is a disease, and should be treated as such by making the Japanese pocket a Japanese mandate under the League of Nations, with the view of extending the principle to other pockets. By this move the League would simply be freezing the *status quo* until such time as the Chinese have recovered political effectiveness. Only by this treatment will the powers put an end to that treaty conflict which is the bottom of the Manchurian trouble and which arises because the powers are not retreating from their favored position in China at the tempo desired by China.

The plan would also be beneficial from the standpoint of protecting existing covenants relating to China. It is becoming clear that the premature dignification of the Manchurian trouble has now created a situation which the powers are thoroughly justified in handling. The Japanese military are out of hand in Manchuria. Knowing their China, they have been bestriding the Oriental horse and leaving Foreign Minister Shidehara to keep aboard the Occidental horse at Geneva. Sore at the request of October 24 that they should retire to their pocket in South Manchuria within three weeks, they are more than ever determined to manage the Oriental horse in their own way, and if it kicks the harder as the result of Geneva's encouragement, then so much the worse for the horse — and world organization. After this trouble blows over, they will probably make life generally uncomfortable for foreigners in Manchuria. Perhaps they might be tempted to keep Manchuria a closed corporation. If they do, a mandate would put an end to it, as the Open Door is protected by this new modus of trustee government. By vesting sovereignty in the mandate, it would also safeguard that other cornerstone of the Nine Power Pact, China's territorial integrity.

There can be no doubt that the Chinese population would be eternally grateful to the League if it took such a step. If what one hears about the ramifications of Chinese nationalism were true, the Chinese would avoid the Japanese pocket in South Manchuria like the plague. The contrary is the fact. According to South Manchuria Railway statistics, in 1907 the Chinese residing in it numbered 8902. In 1929 they had increased to 230,507, twenty-five times more. In the same period the Chinese

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population of the whole of Manchuria had increased five times. The statistics are confirmed by observers who have seen the eagerness with which Chinese immigrants wish to settle down under the comfortable wing of Japanese protection.

Even the excitement of the last two months has not disturbed Chinese-Japanese tranquillity in the railway zone. Correspondents report the popular fever in such far-away places as Hong-kong and Singapore, even in the United States, but not on the spot at Dairen, the South Manchuria Railway terminal. Here the Chinese, knowing how much better off they are than their cousins in Shantung province in China proper, are unperturbed, reading the bulletin boards cheek by jowel with their Japanese neighbors.

One wonders what they thought when they read that "high League circles" were considering the possibility of recommending the withdrawal of ambassadors from Tokyo in support of China's grievances. Perhaps this appeared side by side with a report of a call on the Nanking Foreign Office by the Japanese minister, to whom the Chinese have never thought of giving marching orders in spite of the fighting in North Manchuria. The Manchurian Chinese must be bewildered. Peace, and peace only, is what they crave, and they would rather have a *Pax Japonica* than the kind of trouble that has been their cousins' portion these twenty years past at the hands of war lord hirelings.

The same desire to live under a foreign peace exists in other foreign pockets in China, notably in Shanghai, where the Nanking government, though active in its pocket-recovering campaign, is careful to keep its treasury balances. It was in spite of the tearful pleas, reiterated for several years past, of the Chinese headmen, that Britain recently carried out its pledge to retrocede Weihaiwei, a British pocket in Shantung province, to China.

Of course a mandate would require the deflation of the fiction of an effective Chinese government. This might be galling for those Chinese who have been bitten into a fever by the nationalist bug, and for the foreigners who applied it; but modern China, when it got over the shock, might find the course advantageous. It would add to the police power of the central government, which has more than once asked foreigners for this kind of help. The last time was in 1928, when Chiang Kai-shek, bent on consolidating his power, asked the Japanese, who had 25,000 troops employed in an intervention in Shantung province, as compared with 15,000 troops now employed in Manchuria, to maintain a temporary occupation two months longer to keep order.

Such an accession to Chinese police power as a mandate would confer would help China to win a real unification instead of the present paper unification (save for Canton's separation) on a feudal pattern. Always the unknown factor in a Chinese republican government has been the attitude of the main Manchurian chieftain. Mukden has stabbed many a Chinese government in the back. Supreme war lord Chang Hseuh-liang, who has been told by the Japanese that he need not bother to return to Mukden, is a traditional feudalist as well as a nationalist, like Chiang Kai-shek. To both sides in the last civil war, in 1929, he quite cheerfully sold munitions from his Mukden arsenal (reputedly the biggest in the world), and when the contestants had exhausted themselves and could buy no more munitions, he stepped in to quell the disturbance in behalf of Chinese unification, calmly absorbed the territory in North China that they had been fighting for, and added insult to injury by requiring from Nanking, one of the contestants, a monthly remittance for his services in policing it.

World statesmanship is threatened with a biennial eruption from Manchuria, and Chinese war lords will grow in self-esteem and arrogance, until a constructive course, essentially similar to the one suggested here, is followed.

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"Red" Blood in Kentucky

Why 100% Americans Turn Communist

by **CHARLES R. WALKER**

ONE MORNING last May, the citizens of Evarts, Kentucky, rubbed their eyes as they lifted them to the hills. On each of the three crests that overlook the town was planted a machine gun. Evarts was beleaguered. Presently cars with high-powered rifles and thick-set gunmen filed into town. The cars formed a little procession and began to move slowly around the main square. The gunmen rested their sawed-off shotguns on the doors of the automobiles and pointed them impressively at citizens. The army of coal had come to town.

On May 5, a battle. Another train of motor cars began a procession along the Harlan road. Inside were armed men buttressed by machine guns. They were bringing in strike breakers. Some of them wore vests of plated mail like the soldiers of an earlier empire. But these men had been deputized by an American sheriff. Under an arrangement which is legal in Kentucky they were paid employees of coal companies. At a turn of the road somebody opened fire. Who? A coal deputy? A miner? Nobody knows. There are half a dozen conflicting accounts of the battle. Some say six or eight miners were attacked by a score of deputies; others that ten deputies were overwhelmed by a force of at least a hundred miners.

The first shot was answered by another. A bombardment followed lasting thirty minutes. The miners answered the machine guns with hunting rifles and old-fashioned guns, some of them dating from the Civil War. Miners and deputies fell bleeding, women ran for cover, and the children of the town were held for safety in the schoolhouse and the Congregational Church. One miner and three coal guards were killed in the battle. The slaughter was followed by arrests. Scores of miners were jailed and thirty-four of them indicted on murder charges for the killing of the three deputies. Each indictment was a triple murder charge. Since Evarts, three more miners have been slain by deputies. No deputy has been jailed or indicted for the killing of miners.

The battle of Evarts was the first climax to an effort on the part of the miners to organize a union in the Harlan coal fields and of the operators to prevent it. It was followed by an increased blacklisting of miners by the companies, and eviction of their families. Neither side gave quarter. The miners starved and stuck to their struggle. The operators fought the union and stuck to their gunmen. Soup kitchens were set up by the miners to feed their families.

In the work of organizing and of relief Julius Baldwin and Joe Moore were prominent. On August 30, Deputy Sheriff Lee Fleener drove up in a car to the miners' relief kitchen. He shot and killed Julius Baldwin and Joe Moore. He wounded Jeff Baldwin in the shoulder; and now comes the extraordinary half of the story. Lee Fleener went to the "High Sheriff," admitted the shooting, and gave himself up. He entered a claim of self-defense. These facts can be read in the court records of Harlan County. Fleener was immediately arraigned before a grand jury (hand-picked, the miners say) and released on bond of $5000. Commonwealth Attorney Brock, testifying before the Dreiser committee, admitted that the grand jury *met while Jeff Baldwin who saw his brother shot was out of town burying his brother*. No effort was made to call him as witness.

Sheriff Blair, also testifying before the Dreiser committee, stated that Lee Fleener was still in his employ as Deputy Sheriff; "All ready," the miners said, "to kill a few more." The Commonwealth Attorney when pressed

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by the Dreiser committee stated with emphasis that the Fleener case was being held over for the next session of court.

The story of the killing as told by Jess Baldwin (testimony before the Dreiser committee) follows:

> They was backing up and they had their lights so that if we had had guns and started to fire, we couldn't do nothing because the lights would be in our eyes, and when the first shot fired I turned around to see where it come from and this fellow that made the statement that he done the shooting, he had the right front door there with the glass down and his arms over the glass like that and about the time I looked around he fired the second shot and I seen that he was shooting at my brother and me.
>
> *Question (by Theodore Dreiser):* — Was there any particular reason they should shoot at him?
>
> *Answer:* — He was Secretary of the National Miners' Union — the Local, and he was living there at the soup kitchen and feeding the starving wives and children of the miners.
>
> *Question:* — What was his full name?
>
> *Answer:* — Julius Baldwin.
>
> *Question:* — Was he a miner also before this?
>
> *Answer:* — Yes sir.
>
> *Question:* — How old was he?
>
> *Answer:* — Twenty-nine years old.

A Reign of Terror

The two episodes briefly related above bring out the chief elements involved in the so-called terror of Harlan County. The principal victims are union sympathizers; force is applied through the deputy sheriffs; the courts support the deputies; the deputies are paid by the coal operators. Space forbids a record of every episode, but I offer a resumé of the whole period of disturbance from March to November, 1931. After this we shall be ready to ask the bewildered question: Why? and to dig into the bloody soil where coal and the other causes of this local warfare are buried.

The beginnings of trouble in Harlan County date from early spring, 1931, when the miners attempted a revival of the United Mine Workers of America. (This is a conservative union, a member of the American Federation of Labor.) On March 2, 200 men lost their jobs after attending a U. M. W. union meeting. From then on, violence against union miners and their sympathizers took the following forms: eviction of families; raids against miners' houses by deputies without warrant and destruction of miners' property; arrests of miners on charges of "banding and confederating" and their release after days or weeks in jail on the promise to cease union activity and leave the county. Such proposals were made to arrested miners by the Sheriff and by D. C. Jones, Circuit Court Judge of Harlan County. Other activities were the beating and wounding by deputy sheriffs of national mine union leaders after they had taken their victims "for a ride" across the border; the "blacklisting" of 3000 miners whose families face starvation this winter; through use of shotguns and dynamite the destruction of miners' relief activities — one soup kitchen feeding 200 people blown up, one relief automobile dynamited. Finally, the denial of free press and assemblage; two newspaper men shot in the leg on entering Harlan County to investigate conditions; a public meeting of miners in the courthouse square dispersed with tear gas.

Individual responsibility, whether of operators, officials, or coal miners can hardly be assigned at this time. The testimony available is voluminous and should be sifted carefully in a Kentucky State or a federal investigation. But the fundamental nature of the conflict is clear. It is a class war; a grim determination of the miners to organize a union — met by a grim resolve of the operators to prevent it. Of interest is the fact that open violence against union organization began when the miners were trying to organize an old-line — not a radical — union, the United Mine Workers. It continued when the so-called Red union entered the field. The reiterated statement of the coal operators has been that they were acting against men who, through a Red union, sought "to overthrow the government of the United States." The reiterated defense of the miners is that they were fighting starvation and peonage. They point out that, as a matter of record, violence from the miners' side actually ceased with the entrance of the National Miners' Union into the coal fields.

Enough of the "terror." What is back of it? What are the economic and social conditions that have brought operator and miner into open war at the multiple muzzle of a machine gun? Let us start with the coal in the Kentucky hills, the geological base of the contest. The first fact of interest is that Harlan is a newcomer in the empire of coal. A couple of generations ago the fathers of these miners, and some of the miners themselves, lived on these same hills as small farmers. They owned the

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hills, they owned the coal in them. The land which passed to the Mellon interests, the Ford interests, or the Peabody Coal Company, passed by deed of sale. But for how much?

Large fortunes have been made out of the coal fields of Kentucky and, ironically, many former owners are now digging coal on their old land at thirty dollars a month. In other words, the classic American formula is reversed. The capitalist is the true alien; the coal digger, the "proletarian," is the native hundred-per-cent American. Most of the Kentucky miners are Anglo-Saxon Americans who trace their ancestry back to Revolutionary times. As one miner said who was asked when he came to Kentucky, "My grandpappy came to Kaintuck jes after he holp George Washington in the Revolutionary War." They have not forgotten the tradition of American independence.

A second fact of importance, also stemming from geology, is the necessary impermanence and changing locale of the industry. The first fact applies to coal mining in different parts of the South; the second to coal mining everywhere. Because coal deposits are limited, a coal village is ephemeral; it is built cheap. Other communities are erected by varied interests in coöperation. But in the coal country, the operator builds everything and owns everything: houses, water supply, schools, and churches. In Harlan County the number of "free towns" are only a handful; the majority are company-owned and company-guarded. Strangers are under suspicion, and a man can hardly visit his brother without the immediate knowledge of the coal owner. This situation was not diabolically conceived by maleficent capitalists in order to own the miners body and soul. It arose out of economic circumstance. But once established it has worked extremely well for the capitalist, and he is fighting to preserve it.

One of the advantages is that the owner can hold his labor with a minimum outlay of cash. Take wages. Theoretically the coal miner receives at the present time — at least in the villages where I examined the wage statements — from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month. Many families of five or six live on this wage. But the payment is a matter of bookkeeping; once a month the miner gets not cash but a statement. It reads as follows: For rent, five or six dollars; mine expense, another dollar or two — the miner has to pay for his own explosive and carbide; doctor, two dollars; burial fund, one dollar; and most of the balance in scrip, with which he buys food at the company store. Discounted at other stores, scrip brings from forty to sixty cents on a dollar. When these items are deducted, the amount of hard cash actually coming to the miner is often less than five dollars a month! Hundreds of miners' "pay slips" in Harlan County bear witness to this analysis.

All miners with whom I talked told me that it wasn't "safe" to trade at other than the company store even when there was one, and most of them testified to higher prices there than at the Atlantic and Pacific or other chain stores. In one town of 400 I found that miners were obliged to build their own coffins and bury their own dead, although the burial "cut" was still taken from wages.

What sort of houses can the miners rent from the coal companies and what kind of food can be bought out of this pay? Around the so-called "captive mines" or properties worked by a non-mining interest, such as a railroad supplying its own coal, I found the best conditions. The houses were larger and in better repair, sanitary conditions were better. But in the exclusively coal towns, I found a housing condition which I would not have believed possible outside of India. I visited one village of 400 people where there were only two roofs that didn't leak and leak badly. Those two were the barn of the General Manager, and the house of the miner's wife who was the "fancy woman" of the Manager.

The houses were one-, two-, and three-room shacks, falling apart. You could put your finger through the cracks between boards, and there was neither a painted house nor a clapboard in the village. In winter the thermometer falls below zero, and to obtain water the women are compelled to walk a quarter of a mile and dip from a stream. Washing is done in the creek. There was no plumbing, and for only a few of the houses was an outhouse provided. Typhoid ran high in this village last summer, as would be expected. There were four deaths. I thought on my first visit that the inhabitants were a shiftless lot. Why didn't they build their own outhouses, and nail up a few of the cracks in their houses? Then I met the miners and their

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wives. They were without money for food, much less for lumber. Company guards were set over tumbled-down shacks to prevent their taking these for repair on their own houses.

I went into the matter of food, visiting scores of houses at mealtime and questioning the men and the women. The menu was always the same: pinto beans, potatoes, and bulldog gravy (flour and water). In prosperous months, corn bread and fatback. What do the children eat? I asked. "The same thing. But they don't digest it." I found that the fare brings on a form of dysentery which the miners call flux, a starvation disease. It is prevalent throughout all the mining camps for both adults and children. In one village I found that from four to seven babies a week died of flux last summer. I remember that while testimony was being taken in the Lewallen Hotel in Harlan before the Dreiser committee, one of the committee asked a woman witness what she did about milk. There were a score of miners and their wives in the room. They said nothing, they just laughed.

In Straight Creek, Kentucky, last summer, the midwife of the town told me of a collection taken up to buy milk for a baby who had a fever. They look on milk as medicine. In the Black Mountain coal village a number of families had pigs, but after the strike started last spring the pigs were shot by the coal guards. The children from hundreds of miners' families do not go to school, because they have no shoes and their clothes are insufficient to keep them warm in winter. Besides, there are few free schoolbooks in Kentucky.

The conditions which I have reported above are not exceptional. I have consciously chosen typical cases, and have avoided exceptional ones or instances of individual misfortune.

No Relief for Strikers' Families

A word on relief by outside agencies. Possibly in other fields where there has been no strike these agencies have been more useful in the relief of suffering. In Harlan they have consciously aligned themselves with the operators by refusing aid to women and children when the man of the family is a union man. Almost invariably the miner and his wife regard the Red Cross as a strike-breaking agency. Why? The woman asks for relief. The Red Cross worker replies, "Let your husband go to work and then I'll help you." "He can't," says the woman; "that mine is on strike." "Well, then, I can't help you." And in Harlan the Red Cross has taken still another step. It refuses aid to miners not on strike who are merely members of the miners' union.

What, however, is the coal operator's side of the picture? It is hardly a happy one. For he must begin by admitting that old King Coal is a very sick man and has been ailing for years. Just now the depression has intensified his old maladies and brought him a new set of cramps.

First of all, actual decline in the world's consumption of coal. The burning of oil by ships, the increased use of water power to replace steam, the increase of substitutes generally for coal have dealt the industry a terrific blow. Add to this the enormous overexpansion of the industry in wartime, expansion which under our system of unregulated competition still continues, so that to-day thousands of unnecessary mines and idle miners tend to glut the market and lower the wages and profits of all. On top of this, improved machinery tends to throw even more miners out of work and bring their families to the soup kitchens. In other industries wholesale mergers have ruthlessly but successfully cleaned up the less profitable and the smaller concerns. There has never been any great "merger period" in coal mining. A condition of cutthroat competition still prevails. Lastly the depression — which has greatly lessened the demand for coal.

This is the general situation. What of Kentucky in particular? The financial coal map of the State is pretty complex and the financial data is meager with which to draw one. Beyond most industries coal operators are chary of their ledgers. But it can be pointed out that besides the small and the Southern-owned mines, there are financial interests of immense strength in eastern Kentucky. These include for Harlan and adjoining counties the following nationally known corporations: the Consolidated Coal Company, a Rockerfeller interest; the United States Coal and Coke Company, a subsidiary of U. S. Steel; the Fordson Coal Company; the Peabody Coal Company, an Insull interest. It would seem as if these companies — even in a year of depression — might bring the condition of their employees nearer to our theoretical American standard.

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It is probable that only a federal investigation could elicit an adequate picture of the financial condition of the smaller coal companies. In considering them, however, it is important to bear in mind the peculiar financial burdens they carry, and the results in human suffering. The smaller companies are usually leased, and pay so much a ton as royalty to the owner of the land. If the mine shaft and equipment are also leased, the operating company must pay rent in addition to royalty on the tonnage mined. Coal operators in the United States paid in 1919 more than $34,000,000 in royalties and rent, according to the Census of Mines and Quarries. In addition, the salaries of officers and managers continue, however many men are idle. Hence in many mines "operating at a loss" royalty holders, renters, and mine officials continue to take cash out of the coal fields.

During the period in which the Dreiser committee was investigating some of the conditions reported in this article, the Coal Operators' Association met to discuss the general problems of the industry. For twenty-five years the American public has been made familiar by private and public findings with the basic ills of the industry. To-day, in the trough of the depression, solution of coal problems has become more urgent than ever. Faced with a crisis in the condition of their patient, the coal convention rejected all suggested remedies, merely declaring themselves in favor of "the tried American method of self-help, self-government, and private enterprise."

On November 5 the so-called "Dreiser committee" entered Harlan County. It was composed of a group of writers, Theodore Dreiser, John Dos Passos, and six others sent by the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. Their purpose was twofold: to investigate the truth of the alleged "terror" in Harlan County, and to coöperate in holding one or more free-speech test meetings. Many Americans throughout the country had been roused by the report that the fundamental rights of free speech and assemblage had been denied in eastern Kentucky.

The first meeting was held in Straight Creek, Harlan County. As a member of the Dreiser committee I was present. I believe it to be one of the most extraordinary public meetings in United States history. It was held in a barrack-like building, the Baptist Church of Straight Creek. In order to reach it we had to cross the creek in single file on one of those swinging, one-way cable bridges found everywhere in the mining camps. It was the first meeting of any kind the miners had been allowed to hold since the beginning of "unionization." Present was a special investigator of Governor Flem Sampson of Kentucky, and also a Major of the State militia and several national guard officers sent by the Governor "to protect the committee." Associated Press and United Press correspondents sat in the front row with special writers from a score of newspapers. Miners and their wives and children jammed the little church, stood in the aisle, sat on rafters.

Chairman Meeks, head of the local National Miners' ("Red") Union, opened the meeting. Meeks is a miner, an ex-service man, a Kentuckian, and a local preacher. He spoke about opening the "service" and always referred to his audience as the "congregation." He talked of conditions in the mining camps, and told of the success of the union in a local strike at Straight Creek in winning some improvement, especially the right to have a check-weighman. Other speakers followed.

It was as if the top of a gusher had been suddenly taken off: grievance, bitterness, hope and fear rocked the meeting. The language and eloquence of the speakers, men or women, was extraordinary. They spoke easily and at length in flowing periods, with a use of Biblical and old English expressions not often heard in modern America. The butt of much humor was the operators' charge that they were "Reds." "They call us 'Rooshun Red Necks,'" one of the speakers said; "I wonder why that is. My folks have been in Kentucky for five generations, but one of 'em was a red Cherokee Indian. Maybe that's why I'm a Red."

It was apparent also that the miners weren't bothered by being branded "Red." The union had fed them and brought them what little amelioration of conditions they had won. One man told of the breaking up of a parade of one thousand miners (United Mine Workers' Union) marching under the Stars and Stripes. "By God," he said, "if they won't let us march under the American flag, we'll march under the Red flag!" Halfway through the meeting a woman, Aunt Molly Jackson, the midwife for Straight Creek, who boasts she has delivered

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over 600 babies, got up and sang a song. It belongs in the tradition of folk poetry. Its opening line was, "I am sad and wearied, I have got the hungry ragged blues."

The refrain was:

No food, no clothes for our children,
I am sure this ain't no lie.
If we cain't get no more for our labor, we will starve to death and die.

At the second free-speech test meeting, held in Wallin's Creek, Kentucky, there was a speech by a miner named Donaldson, an enormous man with a shock of dark hair which he kept smoothing with his hands. His shoulders were bent, and he stalked the platform the whole time he spoke, as if he were in a cage. This is what he said.

"I love the flag of the United States of America, but I hate the men who handle this country; these men have so taken away our privileges that it is impossible to live. . . . I love my children ten thousand times better than I love President Hoover and the coal operators. The coal operators say the Rooshun Red has been down in this here country. I say the man that won't support and stand by his children is ten times worse than an infidel! . . . You go into the mines to slave for $1.00 or 80 cents a day. You eat pinto beans and corn. Is that true? (Yes, it's true! from the "congregation.") You go to bed in a bag of rags, but the hell-bound Criminal Syndicalist law forbids you to speak." . . .

When Theodore Dreiser and the committee returned to New York and began the work of preparing their report, consisting of testimony taken in Harlan, for publication and for submission to the Kentucky legislature and to Congress as a basis for further investigation, they found *themselves* indicted for "criminal syndicalism" because of these "free speech" meetings. This was an unexpected confirmation of the general charges made by national newspaper writers, and by the committee itself, of the un-American status of law in the Kentucky coal fields.

At this writing the committee awaits extradition to Kentucky for trial.

Suicide

A desperate impulse and a steady hand,
A tiny ripple in the eternal seas,
And one too tired to care leaves with a brand
Of cowardice upon him. There were trees
To lean against and there were suns to light
The tangled ways for him, as well as for
The rest of us; but he had taken fright,
And started out in wild search of a door
Through which to pass into a friendly house.
O Death, ungrudgingly receive him, though
He comes too soon, nor suffer him to rouse
Your indignation that he found you slow.
We pity him, and we are less than you.
Upon the eternal waves a little foam
Gathers a moment while he sinks from view:
A blundering child has violently gone home.

— **Helene Mullins**

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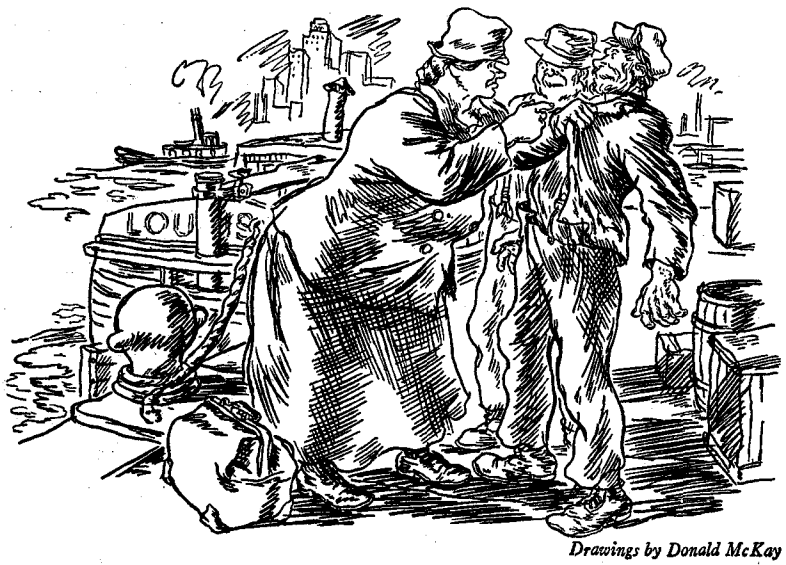
The Cruise of the Cashalot



Drawings by Donald McKay

by **WALTER D. EDMONDS**

We sawed the last cut on the last tree and sat down side by side on the log. John got out a wad of Happy Days, when he saw that I was lighting my pipe, and stowed it away in his right cheek. His eye was taking in the river valley, with the canal beyond. Some plover were calling down the river, but he did not hear them. And then just as I was getting back my wind, he swung his eye round at me. "Say," said he, "did I ever tell you about my Uncle Ben?"

I

My Uncle Ben Meekum was kind of a dingy old coot. They say in his early days he was a pretty fat kind of a spark; but when I first remember him he'd married Aunt Em, and the two of them made just about the most respectable kind of home life a woman could want. Uncle Ben would load his boat, and him and Henry Plat, who done his driving, would get the old boat along with the aid of Ben's mules; but inside that boat the old lady ruled the roost.

It was kind of hard on a man, after he'd run a boat to suit his own notions for forty year to have the bad luck to get married to Aunt Em. You couldn't spit out of the window or knock out your pipe on top of the stove or have a drink in your own cabin (or anywhere else for that matter), and she used to make him and Henry, who was bothered with soft feet, wash 'em every night before they come to supper. It was a pitiful sight to see them two old coots setting up on the roof of the cabin on a cold night and easing their toes into a basin. Every time he felt the touch of water, Henry'd say he was going to get loose and leave, but Uncle Ben'd beg him to stay.

"You can go ashore and get drunk, Henry," he'd say. "But I can't hardly swaller without the old girl's looking to see what I got in my teeth. Watter," he'd say, "has so saturated my inwards that another drop will just about make me sick."

But Henry'd never have gone off and left him. Them two had been boating it together ever since Uncle Ben'd got his boat, and Henry was just as scared of Aunt Em as Uncle Ben was. If he'd have left, he'd have been scared clean crazy of her coming after him.

I don't say Aunt Em was a bad woman, but

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she was too big to live in a boat. She'd always been in heavy flesh and her blood pressure generally kept going up on her. Quick-tempered. And she could have taken on both of them old men at once if she'd been a-mind to, and she probably did when she got restive.

You see she belonged to my family, and Uncle Ben only got in by marrying her. His name was Meekum, and he had to take about everything that was coming to him.

He used to talk to Pa about it and ask what a man had ought to do, and Pa'd tell him, "Strop her up and if that don't work use the hone." But Uncle Ben'd shake his head and say Pa was a young man and then give Pa some of his own early history until he'd start off home with active ideas. But the minute the old lady'd get her eye on him, he'd lose his nerve.

It went on that way till the time Uncle Ben busted loose in New York and made a deal. He'd often thought before that of sneaking out on her; but she'd put all the money he used to keep on the boat in a bank in Boonville in her own name, because Uncle Ben couldn't read nor write, and she took the money the boat earned off of him as quick as it come in.

Well, sir, Uncle Ben did bust loose, and this is the way it happened.

II

THE SPRING of the year him and Henry had loaded up their boat with ice at Forestport and picked the old girl up at Boonville where they spent the winter in her mother's house and started off for New York.

They made a regulation haul to Albany and left their mules in the round barn and got into a tow on the Swiftsure and had the ride down the Hudson. All the way Uncle Ben kept considering what he'd get to haul back. Fertilizer would have made him a good haul, and he thought the trip to New Jersey after it might be pleasant. But Aunt Em wouldn't consider it. She said it would make the boat smell too strong.

She took a lot of pride in that boat even if it was Uncle Ben's. She'd had it painted up a good bright yellow with a white trim and she had the cabin fixed up dainty with curtains at the windows and the best geraniums on the Erie. She was a good hand to cook and keep house, and the best meals I ever ate I ate right there. She could make a pie to bring the watter to a man's eyes. And it did look nice. It was all painted blue inside, with the cupboards white and the stove black and the pans always hanging in the same place. She had a little brass clock, too, that struck the hours with a bell. It didn't keep very good time, always being slow; but the way she polished it you would have thought it had come from the factory in the morning mail.

The boat's name was *Louisa* and you can see it laying in that set-back below Hawkinsville to-day, what's left of it.

So the old lady'd said there'd be no fertilizer, and Uncle Ben had to agree. Him and Henry had had it all figured out, but Henry was riding on one of the other boats most of the time and so Uncle Ben got to New York without knowing what he was going to haul back.

Well, they tied up in the East River docks the same as usual waiting for a calmer day to get the boat across the harbor and they hadn't more than got to the Swiftsure office to pay off before the clerk handed Uncle Ben a letter for Aunt Em. Uncle Ben was an ignorant old bezabor when it come to civilized ideas. Pa used to say he'd been born with just as much sense as anybody else, but that he'd lost progress since then. When the clerk explained who the letter was for, Uncle Ben paid off, and him and Henry went back to the boat.

Uncle Ben walked right up the gang and down into the cabin. Getting a letter that way made him feel important.

"Wipe your feet," says Aunt Em.

"To hell with my feet," says Uncle Ben, "here's a letter, Em."

"For me?" she asks, and Uncle Ben says, "Yes, sir."

She dropped the potato she had commenced peeling into the wrong pan and grabbed that paper. It took her just a minute to figure it all out and she turned kind of pale.

"Ma's sick," she says, "I got to get right home. It says that she's real sick again with the sugar diabetes."

"I don't wonder," says Henry from the door, "the way she eats it with her coffee."

But Aunt Em didn't notice it. She was all dithery.

"I got to start right out," she says.

"And me unload this ice into the river?" asks Uncle Ben.

"You danged fool," she says. "Do you think

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your cheap mules can get me home in time? Poor Ma, with such a son-in-law. It's a lucky thing she's got a daughter."

"Well," says Uncle Ben, "if you want to beat out the *Louisa* you'll have to take a train of cars."

And that's what she done. She got out her old satchel and her hat and she put off with them for the station as tight as she could make it.

"You come right home the minute you've got rid of that ice," she says.

"Yes, Em," says Uncle Ben.

"And you make Henry mop out the floor every other day and don't you set down after eating till you've done the dishes. And don't you dasst to use that new china set."

"No, Em," says Uncle Ben.

"And you put the money in the box when you get paid and don't you touch a penny."

And then the train took her off.

III

THERE AIN'T anybody to tell to-day how Uncle Ben commenced getting drunk, except only Henry Plat, and he wasn't very reliable that afternoon, and he's dead now. But he kept setting a pretty good pace right along till they got back to the boat. Anyhow, they got back, Uncle Ben hugging up a great big demijohn under each arm, and saying what an awful thing the sugar diabetes was for an old lady to have, and they took the ice across the harbor, and it was the first time in ten year Uncle Ben hadn't got sick making the voyage. He stood on the cabin set-back holding the sweep with his shirt unbuttoned and the spray slopping against his wishbone, and every time a gull hollered he'd look up against the sun. And Henry Plat, he lay on his stummick looking at Uncle Ben's nose and whiskers, full of admiration at the way watter in a man's inwards can dilute his drinks.

Well, sir, they unloaded that ice and they took a tow back to the East River dock, and half way across they seen a lot of boats rowing to beat the nation and right ahead of them the scaredest whale that ever got mixed in the traffic of New York. There was a lot in the papers after how that whale got into the city anyhow, and they had pictures of it, and a picture of Uncle Ben a-standing on the *Louisa*, holding a cap in his hand and looking modest. After it was all over Uncle Ben had bought him a secondhand skipper's hat in a slopshop and let on how he'd been around the Horn in his early manhood.

But what happened was that that whale seen the old *Louisa* butting her stummick on the waves and I guess he thought she was another whale.

Uncle Ben seen her coming and yelled at Henry to look and tell him what in Crimus was coming and Henry looked and just hollered. Uncle Ben was always quick in a tight situation and he grabbed his horn and let out a good one on it, but the whale run up alongside of him and squirted the boat with watter and blood and Uncle Ben lost his temper and grabbed his boat hook and jammed it against the whale to keep her off and stuck her right in the eye. I guess the old bruit was pretty near exhausted because it just raised a fin and died right there.

Well, the other boats come up, and the men in them claimed the whale was theirs; but Uncle Ben had his boat hook well set in the bruit's eye and he wouldn't listen. Seems as if the whisky he drank was just about striking home, because he made a great impression and they laughed and asked one another what they would do with a whale anyhow, and pretty soon they asked Uncle Ben would he buy out their share. And he smacked his hand on his wallet and fishes out the money, and what with counting and the motion of the waves and Henry Plat he had only just enough left to pay for a tow up the river and get his mules out of the barn in Albany.

IV

WHEN THEY got back to the dock again and the watter got calm Henry Plat got up and commenced taking notice.

"What," he says, "are you going to do with that whale, Ben?" And then he remarks, "How Em's going to make you squeak when she finds out what you've spent your money on!"

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But Uncle Ben was too likkered up for solid thought.

"Shut up, you poor bezabor," he says. "Em hasn't got nothing to say about this whale."

"No," says Henry, "I guess not."

Well, right then a lot of reporters come aboard and they begun asking questions. Uncle Ben got him his hat with gold braid and a shiny visor and had his picture took. And just after the whole of them had left, along comes a boat with a chesty bung in uniform that comes aboard and wants to know how long Uncle Ben aims to keep his property in New York harbor. Well, Uncle Ben gives him some drinks and says he'll get it out of the way pretty quick and salivates him handsome and that was that.

But he still had Henry Plat to talk to before he could get any rest.

"What am I going to do with it? What am I going to *do?*" and right there he got his idea. "Why," he says, "I'm going to load that whale aboard the *Louisa* and take her up the Erie."

"Be you, Ben? What are you going to do that for?"

"I'm going to show her for a nickel."

Henry sneered. "How much money will that make when anybody can look at her from the towpath for nothing?"

"You shut up," said Uncle Ben.

He'd got more up-and-coming every minute since Aunt Em had gone back to Boonville, and he wasn't going to let no bum bezabor like Henry Plat gum his fun. He just walks up the dock and goes off to the public library. Now he'd got a whale he wanted to know all about it. So he walks in and says to the lady, "Please show me your whales, Miss." Well, that caught her attention and she was a pretty girl and in two minutes had got the whole business out of Uncle Ben. "I want to find out what kind of a whale it is, and all about it."

Well, she took him through a lot of books, and they discovered about fourteen different kind of whale.

"What does he look like?" asks the lady.

"Well, ma'am, she's round, in good flesh and kind of dark and she's got a pleasant eye."

"Oh," says the lady, and commenced educating Uncle Ben. . . .

When he come back about supper time, Henry asked him again what he aimed to do with his fish.

"Fish? That ain't no fish. My God, Henry, you're a ignorant bird all right. Why that's a mammal!"

"What," asks Henry, "is a mammal?"

Uncle Ben just looks him up and down.

"Henry," he says, "your mother was one."

"Do you want to fight?" asks Henry.

"No," says Uncle Ben. "You've been upset by this business, Henry. Of course, it's been different with me. I've been around the Horn in my young days. In my day I've speared more'n a hundred of this identical variety. I've got sperms, and speared narwhales, and blowed the very guts out of a killer oncet at three hundred yards with my old thirty-eight."

"What's the name of this variety?"

"It's a cash-a-lot."

Henry looks at him kind of wondering.

"Honest?" Uncle Ben nods to him. "Honest," he says.

"My God," says Henry, "maybe there is money in her after all."

"Listen, Henry, did you ever hear about a feller named Jonah?"

"Sure, he got swallered by one of them animals."

"That's right, and then he got spit up.

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Well, look here, Henry. Anybody that wants to can look at the outside of this whale for nothing, but them that want the whole works is going to have to pay me fifty cents."

"How're you going to show them the whole works, Ben?"

"I'm going to dig 'em out and make a room in his inside!"

Uncle Ben looks proud.

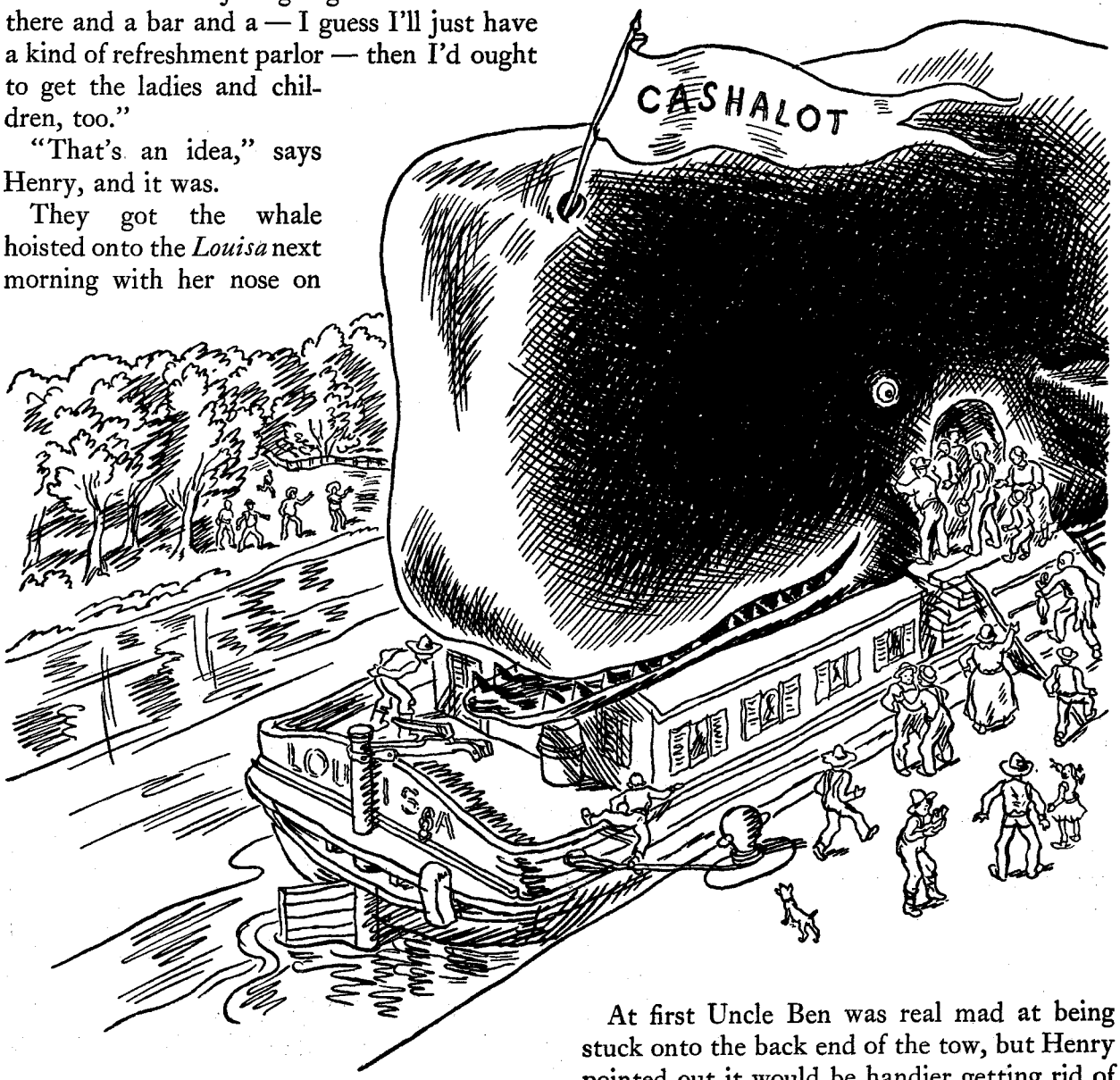
"But Ben," asks Henry, "if you dig them out, where in Sarah are you going to put them for people to see?"

"My God, Henry, can't you think of nothing but inwards? I'm just going to have a room there and a bar and a — I guess I'll just have a kind of refreshment parlor — then I'd ought to get the ladies and children, too."

"That's an idea," says Henry, and it was.

They got the whale hoisted onto the *Louisa* next morning with her nose on the cabin roof and the rest of her laying along the pit beams and the stable and her tail hanging over the front end. Then they joined their tow and started back for Albany.

Well, the old *Louisa* was the first boat in that line; but along about Spuytenduyvil the wind changed to the north and the rest of the boats made the Tug change the line to put her on the back end. They'd thought at first a whale was a pretty handsome thing to examine, but about there Uncle Ben and Henry had got through the outside layer of fat. You could see them any time, burrowing in like a couple of beagles digging out a woodchuck. They had little shovels very sharp and they certainly made progress.



At first Uncle Ben was real mad at being stuck onto the back end of the tow, but Henry pointed out it would be handier getting rid of the insides so he didn't argue very hard. He was having too good a time. He hadn't had likker in that long that now he had it he couldn't smell nothing but drink. Henry wasn't so well fixed. And what with digging back of

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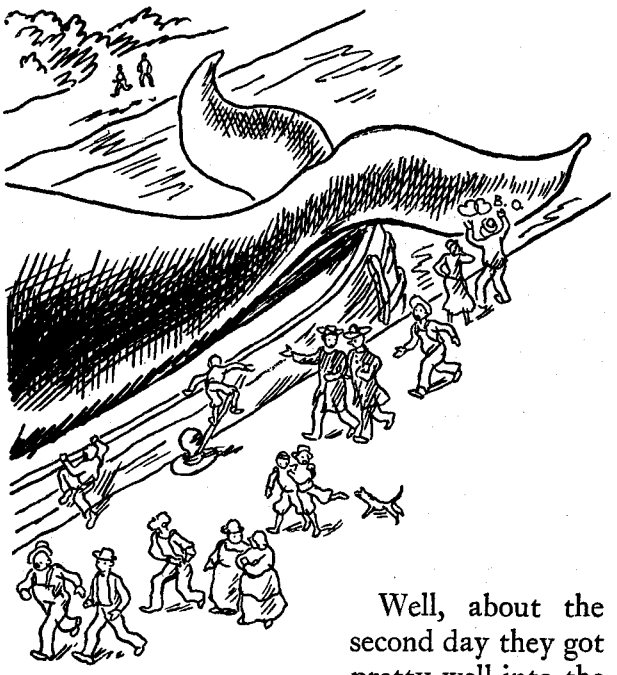
Uncle Ben and getting the throwout he was so danged greasy that he wouldn't dasst to scratch a match along his back end, no sir, not even without his pants. No sir, and what's more he wasn't fitted out for hard work and he couldn't keep up with Uncle Ben. That old coot was just about possessed. He'd got a dish towel tied around his beard and cotton in his ears and even at that about every ten minutes he had to walk out and let himself dreen over the edge.



Well, about the second day they got pretty well into the core. They'd mixed themselves a mess of beans down in the cabin and Henry wanted to lay down on his bed, but Uncle Ben hadn't time. He kept explaining, "I got to get the outfit in afore we get to Watervliet." So up he went and walked in and the first stroke he took he went through between two bones and the yell he let out come right out of the whale's mouth and Henry come a-running.

"Where've you reached to, Ben?" he asks.

Uncle Ben didn't know. He was kind of puzzled, inside and looking out, and Henry looks around too, and says, "I don't see where that feller Jonah managed to get along. I don't believe he was a whole week down inside like us are here. Anyway the ventilation's horrid."

"You poor twerp," says Uncle Ben. "This ain't the same whale."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"No, you've never been around the Horn. But I have and I've seen whales blow out the bad air fifty feet high."

"If there was that much pressure of bad air, I don't see how Jonah lasted out a minute."

"Well, maybe he was that kind of a feller," says Uncle Ben.

Well, when they got the insides into the river, Uncle Ben begun to fashion out a room. "Right here," he says, "is going to be the refreshment tables for the ladies. I'll get them in Albany. We won't need so many cheers, with what we got in the cabin. And then," he says, "seeing as how the lighting ain't very good I'll arrange a winder on each side." He stood there looking around kind of pleased and wondering. "Henry," he says, "what kind of curtains do you think would go best with these walls?"

Right then some blubber went into the back of Henry's neck and got the best of him.

"You're going to need something waterproof to wall this room," he says.

"Nonsense," says Uncle Ben, but it was a hot day and he discovered for himself there was a leak in the roof. But his ideas had got pretty well formed. And by the time he'd showed the outside of his whale in Troy for fifteen cents he'd got the inside all fitted out. And when he hauled out to number one, the whole contraption did make a display.

First, the two mules, a couple of scrummy old screws, had had their harness blacked and tassels and rings hung out to hide the bare spots in their hides till they sounded like a circus parade. And then the towline had a twist of yeller cloth on it and a big bow ribbon. And then come Henry Plat. Uncle Ben had rigged out the poor bezabor in a secondhand coachman's outfit, and he had a top hat with a ribbon bouquet on it and a coat with tails — and Henry's back end wasn't the kind to carry tails, it stuck out between — and white pants like knickers and a pink westcoat, and then there was the boots with flesh tops. Henry had tried them out in Albany, but they pinched him so that he hollered and argued till Uncle Ben allowed him to go back to the old boots he always wore and the red socks Aunt Em knitted him for Christmas. But even then the poor twerk's whiskers and little eyes looked kind of wistful as if the clothes had got him and was taking him somewhere where he didn't want to go.

But then come the boat. They had kind of

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washed her outside but she looked a little greasy; but as Uncle Ben said, everybody had seen a bullhead boat anyway. It was the whale they'd look at. And sure enough there was the whale stretched out on the boat, looking Uncle Ben right in the eye where he stood steering. She had a door in her side opposite the gang, and a flag stuck into her nose hole saying CASHALOT in green letters. And over the door was a sign saying "Be a Jonah for fifty cents." And underneath it said, "Complete equipment."

And that wasn't all. Getting familiar with the whale the way he had had made Uncle Ben kind of affectionate and he wanted her to look her best; so he'd got a pair of glass eyes off an oculist in Albany which was as big as apples and he'd arranged them in her, which gave her a real active appearance. He himself got a sailor's coat and his hat and a new tie and done the steering. Every time he come to a village he blew on his horn and put into the dock. And the whole town come down. And danged near everyone would go inside the whale. It certainly was rigged out.

Uncle Ben'd built a regular room out of matched lumber and he had a winder on the far side opposite the door, and a chair and table in the front end, and a bunk and a stove running through a double pipe, which he didn't never get up his nerve to light. And on the shelf in the back end he had a cupboard with all Aunt Em's best china set out. And as he told the people, it was all real shipshape and very actively arranged all but the plumbing.

And a lot of those farmers thought all whales was rigged out like that and commenced to take the Bible seriously after.

Well, the first day Uncle Ben paid all his expenses, and every day he went along he made more money, because the word got into the papers and there was the picture took of him in New York and a picture of the complete whale, and even of the mules and Henry Plat. Farmers come from fifty miles away to intercept the creature and get a look at his insides.

But what was more important, Uncle Ben began to get more owdacious every day. By now he had killed whales in his early days with his bare hands, this one he'd fixed with his boat hook — you could read it in the papers — but of course he was getting old, and the number he had shot with his old thirty-eight was financially extraordinary. He showed you the thirty-eight to prove it and the notches he had cut in it for woodchucks became whales. He could look any man in the eye, and spit on a dime. You'd never have guessed he'd ever have been married to Aunt Em. And I don't suppose he ever remembered her at all. When he wasn't talking whale or serving tea to the ladies, he was having a snort on his own.

You won't believe it maybe, but that old coot had made over a thousand dollars before he got to Rome. And by now the Utica papers had the whole story and described the boat and the china and remarked on the pattern, which was in forget-me-nots and roses, and Henry Plat begun to wonder if it wasn't about time they heered from Aunt Em.

But by the time they got to Rome there had been a week of hot weather and the whale had swollen some and on the last day Uncle Ben had to do some trimming to get her under the bridges. And when he done that, even though he'd been living in that whale for two weeks, he had to admit that she was getting higher. And every day after that, the more he trimmed her the higher she got, and at Rome for the first time, the price of admission went down a quarter. But Uncle Ben had become a regular

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Wall Street wizard and he bought out two perfumery peddlers and did a handsome business in that line.

By this time, too, Henry Plat had become used to his uniform and was beginning to regret that the smell was getting so bad it threatened to stop the show. He hadn't ever had so many free drinks in his life before, nor had he ever had such light hauling to do. His breathing system had got used to blubber; and he felt real apprehensive when, sure enough, there was Aunt Em on the dock, in front of the crowd, with her bag in her hand and her hat over her eyes, looking half as big as the whale and more than twice as powerful.

She'd been reading the papers. She didn't even look at the mules or Henry Plat or the yeller bow on the towline, and if her nose was working she didn't even show it.

She waited till the boat had tied up and the gang come out and then she marched right aboard.

Uncle Ben come down the gang walk.

"Hullo Emmy," he says, and Henry was real startled to hear him so cool.

She stopped right still and kind of shivered.

"You runty little spider," she was always naming him by an insect, "is this the way you spend our money? Is this the way you hurry home to the bedside of your blessed mother-in-law?"

Uncle Ben sounded patient.

"I was detained on business," he says.

"Business?"

Henry Plat kept feeling little cold winds climbing up the inside of them white pants. But then he seen Uncle Ben wink.

"Well, old girl," he says out loud, "welcome home. I'm surprised you was so long gone, but, now you're back, you're welcome."

He must have had that speech all figured out, I guess.

The crowd let out a cheer. Here was the whale killer being met by his loving wife. Crowds like that kind of thing. If there'd only been a baby on hand for Uncle Ben to use he could have collected a dollar, instead of twenty-five cents.

Well, Aunt Em took a look at the crowd and went below without talking.

In a minute up she come hollering mad. "Where's my chiney?" she hollers. And outside of the condition of the blankets, the fat had come through onto her Bible and the brass clock was running about forty-two hours a day with the oil that had got into it and striking faster than a man could wind it. Her curtains was streaked and the geraniums looked kind of sickly, and there hadn't been a dish washed in two weeks.

But she couldn't make no headway into that whale, it was jam full of humans, and when she finally did get in she slipped on the floor and set down.

Uncle Ben helped her onto her feet and begun to explain the inside workings of that cashalot. And when he come to the money in it, Aunt Em was impressed. Even she could see that Uncle Ben was the killer of a whale, and wasn't scared of a woman any more, and so she commenced to cry.

"Look at my chiney, look at what you have done to my pretty boat," she says. "How can I expect to live in a cabin full of a smell like that?"

"If you don't like it, Emmy, you can go home," says Uncle Ben.

But there was too much money involved. She stayed, and when she complained again, Uncle Ben told her to try whisky; and danged if she didn't do it. She got mellower and mellower, and when the price of admission had to drop to two for a nickel, she didn't even open the winders; and when they had to sell the whale for fertilizer in Rochester, for eighty cents, and Uncle Ben said to her, "This smell of fish is kind of strong. You'd better give the boat a good clean up," she didn't say a word but got right to work. Even when Henry Plat come in with his boots on, she didn't say a word.

And Uncle Ben just set in the cabin looking on, having his evening snort, and looking at them two glass eyes hung up where the geraniums used to set. He'd put his money in a bank himself, and his heart had gone with that whale, and Aunt Em wanted to keep what was left. Once she'd been unloosed by whisky, she turned out a fond woman.

They worked the *Louisa* back through hogs and potatoes to grain until she was as nice as ever. But Uncle Ben had become a kind of old mariner, and Aunt Em continued a changed woman till she died, and if you want to see them glass eyes, my Pa has got them in his house.

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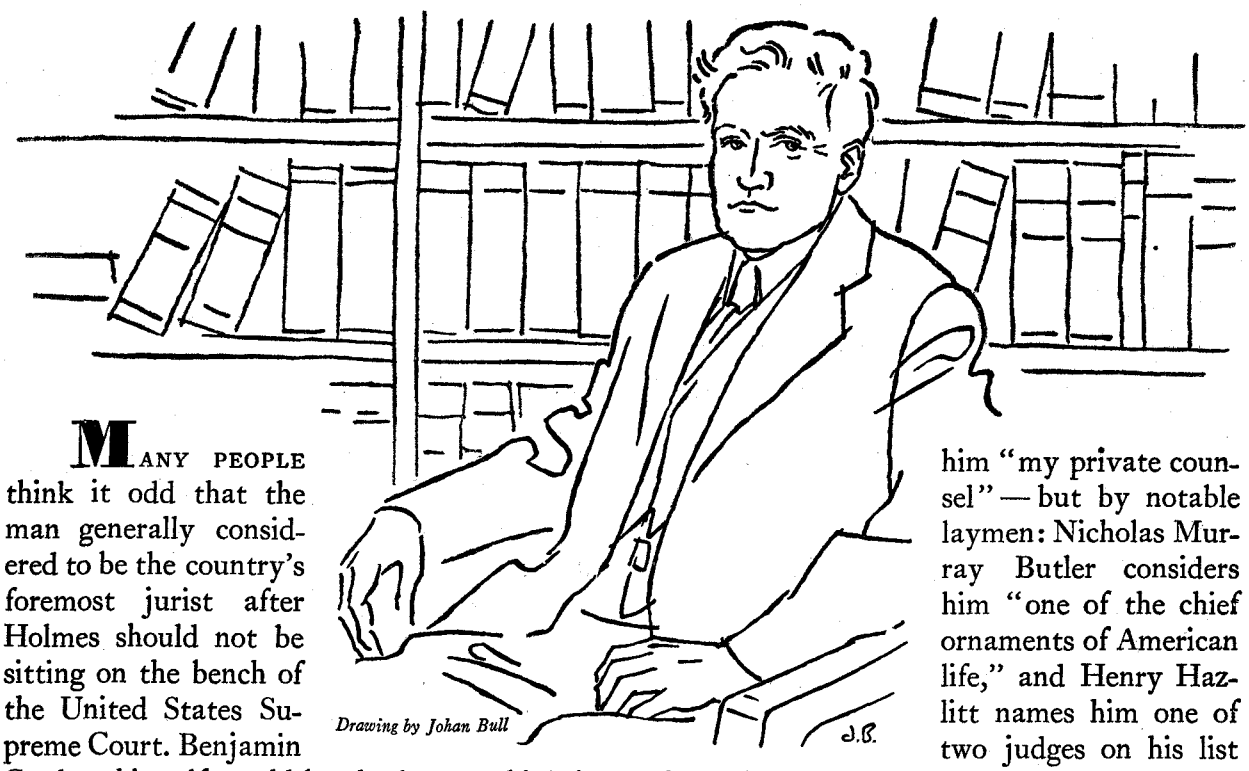
Philosopher-at-Law

The Career of Judge Benjamin Cardozo

by **JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD**



Drawing by Johan Bull

MANY PEOPLE think it odd that the man generally considered to be the country's foremost jurist after Holmes should not be sitting on the bench of the United States Supreme Court. Benjamin Cardozo himself would be the last to think it strange, for the man's modesty is as inescapable as his judicial wisdom and his philosophic power. Addressing a lawyers' luncheon a few years ago, Cardozo recalled Charles Francis Adams's sigh of satisfaction, as he looked over the years, that he had gone through life without making a conspicuous ass of himself. "That, I may say in passing, is my own pæan of jubilation at the end of each judicial year."

Thus the one state judge who has become a judge of national prominence, the only jurist besides Holmes who furnishes law school professors a touch of awe for their lectures, the man whose name is sure to be mentioned in courtrooms and legislative halls and wherever help is needed to win a victory for humanitarian rights, for fair dealing and good conscience. He is acclaimed not alone by lawyers — Charles Evans Hughes once said he was the best qualified man ever to head the New York judiciary, Alfred E. Smith affectionately calls him "my private counsel" — but by notable laymen: Nicholas Murray Butler considers him "one of the chief ornaments of American life," and Henry Hazlitt names him one of two judges on his list of our first ten intellectual leaders. But ability is not always the important criterion in Supreme Court appointments; our political arrangement makes geography more impressive when New York is already twice represented on the high tribunal, and social prejudice may play a part when it already includes one Jew.

As Chief Judge of the New York Court of Appeals, Benjamin Nathan Cardozo wields a power almost as great as that of Supreme Court judges, and, where mere money is the important factor in the litigation, even a little greater. Problems of commercial and corporation law involving millions of dollars, coming up from the financial center of the world, are settled once and for all when they are settled by the highest court of New York State, for they cannot go to Washington unless a federal question is in issue. The New York court's rulings on business transactions naturally have a vital effect on the rest of the country. But the New York court's determination of human

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rights has an even greater influence beyond the local jurisdiction, not because of the accident of location, but because of the widespread confidence that has come to be placed in the official utterances of its leader. Cardozo does not dissent as much as Holmes or Brandeis, because, for one thing, he does not have to. The Court of Appeals, under his persuasive guidance, is more liberal than the federal Supreme Court. For another thing, Cardozo is more moderate in some matters than those great dissenters, a little more reluctant to depart from a rule of law long established and relied upon, unless that rule works so obvious and harsh an injustice as to be shocking to the conscience.

Because he takes the long view, because he appreciates that a too abrupt change in the law will only delay the ultimate social good, Cardozo has the support of conservatives as well as liberals. Seventeen years on the high state bench, five years at its head, he achieved both positions by as striking a display of impartiality as is revealed by the records of American public office. Politics were never considered in his case. Governor Glynn appointed him to fill a vacancy on the court in 1914, largely because of the unanimous request of the other judges. In 1917 he was elected by both Democrats and Republicans to fill the regular term. And in 1926 he was nominated by both parties for the office of Chief Judge. Those in control of New York affairs who knew Cardozo knew that they were fortunate to have available the man who would be the *ideal judge*, and they did not permit the electorate to pass him by. They could divine in him the sum total of those qualities which were apparent during his years of arguing cases at the appellate bar — a profound legal learning, tempered with common sense; sympathy, understanding, a sense of fair play and justice; and a power of expression so vivid and rare as to be almost unknown among lawyers.

Since his admission to the bar, in his early twenties after graduating from Columbia University, he had confined his practice almost entirely to the arguing of fine points of law in appellate courts. He did a little trial work at first, but the rough and tumble of direct contact with people nursing a grievance, with stupid witnesses, with delays and tricks, was unappetizing to a gentle and bookish man, who, because of the traits of the poet and philosopher within him, was better able to render service to men and women at a little distance from their voices. And so he became in demand by busy lawyers, who engaged him to argue their appeals for them. He did this well, and he was made a judge. And as a judge he has settled disputes with a keen insight into the motives and ends of human behavior, with an intuitive sense of statecraft that is given to most public officials only after long experience in the world of action.

II

THUS CHANNELING his life in a purely intellectual course, Cardozo brings to bear upon the solution of the mind's problems an inward grace that lifts him beyond the narrow vision of the academic. Born into the élite of American Jewry, whose ancestors, like Spinoza's, were driven from Portugal by the Inquisition, he typifies most of the favorable characteristics of his race. Like Spinoza, he believes that happiness lies in the pursuit of knowledge and in the joy of understanding. But the cold intellect is not enough. There must be color and warmth of feeling in any approach to the study of human nature. Mysticism as well as logic, idealism as well as realism, spirituality and an appreciation of beauty, are all ingredients in composing the good life.

These qualities are all apparent in Cardozo's three books on the philosophy of law (*The Nature of the Judicial Process*, 1921; *The Growth of the Law*, 1924; *The Paradoxes of Legal Science*, 1928), which he calls "these introspective searchings of the spirit," and which have affected thought in the profession more deeply than any book since Holmes published *The Common Law* in 1881. The substance of these books alone would make them impressive: that the law is relative, not absolute; that, dealing with the complexities of humanity, it must be closely related to the needs of life; that it must be stable and yet must change; that the judge's function is to mold the law to fit its ends; and that its ends are to serve mankind, not mankind the law. But the form in which these ideas are conveyed, like the form of his judicial opinions, has much to do with their widespread reception and approval. The power of a gifted pen is not the least important of a judge's equipment, and to supplement the arduous tasks of judicial determination with

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philosophic tracts written with a delicate precision of language, with metaphor and the dramatic phrase brought in at the right time to enliven a heavy subject matter, is to reveal the artist as well as the judge. A few examples will make the picture clear.

On relating the law to social well-being —

> Logic and history and custom have their place. We will shape the law to conform to them when we may; but only within bounds. The end which the law serves will dominate them all. There is an old legend that on one occasion God prayed, and his prayer was "Be it my will that my justice be ruled by my mercy." That is a prayer which we all need to utter at times when the demon of formalism tempts the intellect with the lure of scientific order.

On the futility of the quest for certainty —

> I was much troubled in spirit, in my first years upon the bench, to find how trackless was the ocean on which I had embarked. I sought for certainty. I was oppressed and disheartened when I found that the quest for it was futile. I was trying to reach land, the solid land of fixed and settled rules, the paradise of justice that would declare itself by tokens plainer and more commanding than its pale and glimmering reflections in my own vacillating mind and conscience. I found with the voyagers in Browning's *Paracelsus* that the real heaven was always beyond.

On the limitations of logic —

> Judges march at times to pitiless conclusions under the prod of a remorseless logic which is supposed to leave them no alternative. They deplore the sacrificial rite. They perform it none the less, with averted gaze, convinced as they plunge the knife that they obey the bidding of their office. The victim is offered up to the gods of jurisprudence on the altar of regularity.

On the subconscious forces guiding judges —

> There is in each of us a stream of tendency, whether you choose to call it philosophy or not, which gives coherence and direction to thought and action. Judges cannot escape that current any more than other mortals. All their lives, forces which they do not recognize and cannot name have been tugging at them — inherited instincts, traditional beliefs, acquired convictions; and the resultant is an outlook on life, a conception of social needs, a sense in James's phrase of "the total push and pressure of the cosmos," which, when reasons are nicely balanced, must determine where choice shall fall.

On the necessity of orderly progression in the law —

> Principles and rules that were malleable in Lord Holt's day have petrified with the accumulated weight of precedent on precedent. Land within the territory of the law that was then unsettled or uncultivated has been peopled or reclaimed. Frontiers, however, there still are, and always will be, where the lines of demarcation are uncertain and debatable, where occupation, if any, has been provisional and timid — borderlands and marches where minds impatient of injustice refuse to be held back, but point the path of advance into regions unexplored beyond. It may hearten spirits such as these to bear in mind the creative energies that dwelt within the legal system at the threshold of the modern era, two centuries ago.

Sensible as the substance of all this may seem, much of it was regarded as radical by the old-line judges who still wield such power in the legal world. The notion of the law as an abstract absolute, the idea that human values must be sacrificed to logic and to the phantom of certainty, prevails even to-day in the minds of many lawyers. But not nearly so many since Cardozo revealed his realistic and humane philosophy of jurisprudence. There is about the man, implicit in these words, that happy blend of reason and emotion which has characterized so many benefactors of mankind. Like Montaigne, he writes in a sophisticated style, and in the writing exposes "the tough mind and the gentle heart." Like Conrad, his words have power to move the reader to an appreciation of the author's sympathy with human woe. It is his whole life — this taking the troubles of others, settling them with equity, and from them evolving an eloquent message to posterity — even at the risk of a busy world's scorn.

The work of the lonely scholar, the plight of the theorist in the modern maelstrom, is nowhere better portrayed than in this passage in *The Growth of the Law:*

> The theorist has a hard time to make his way in an ungrateful world. He is supposed to be indifferent to realities; yet his life is spent in the exposure of realities, which, till illuminated by his searchlight, were hidden and unknown. He is contrasted, and to his great disfavor, with the strenuous man of action, who plows or builds or navigates or trades, yet in moments of meditation he takes the consoling knowledge to his heart that the action of his favored brothers would be futile unless informed and inspired by thoughts that came from him. Of the lot of all theorists, that of the philosopher is the sorriest. Let us heave a stone at him, say his enemies, and thus stigmatize his tribe. "I thought the man had sense," said the Duchess of Marlborough when she quarreled with Voltaire, "but I find him at bottom either a fool or a philosopher." General truths are hard to grasp. Most of us have all we can do in accumulating by dint of toil the knowledge of a few particulars. A troublesome lot, these men who are searching always for the ultimate. If we cannot understand, let us show that the superiority is ours by combining to deride.

Thus the theorist, the philosopher who shapes his shining truths from the sordid controversies

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of litigants. What are those truths, how does his mind function in the details of his practical work? Let us get to the cases.

III

JUDGE CARDOZO had been on the Court of Appeals only a short time when he rendered a decision that has become a landmark in the law. There is hardly a law student anywhere who does not make his acquaintance with Cardozo through the Buick case — the powerful reasoning of which caused a federal court of appeals, in a similar case, to reverse its own previous decision to the contrary. The question here involved was whether the manufacturer of a defective automobile was liable to pay damages for injuries sustained by the owner and driver, when the latter had purchased the car from a dealer and had no contractual relations with the manufacturer. That is, did the manufacturing company owe a duty of inspection to anyone except the immediate purchaser of its cars? Cardozo led the court in holding the company liable. The ruling seems, to most of us, the natural answer to the question, but in 1915 the decision was a novelty astonishing to many legal technicians. The old law had limited liability to "privity of contract," and the obvious injustice of withholding protection from the innocent user of a dangerous article meant nothing to the reactionary lawyers. This innovation of Cardozo's meant progress and justice. It enlarged the field of possible plaintiffs, and gave a legal remedy to people very much in need of one.

One of the most peculiar situations ever to perplex a court of justice was the springboard case of 1921. Along the banks of the Hudson River in the summertime it is customary for boys to enjoy themselves. Someone had placed a diving board in the high rocks next to the New York Central tracks, and this naturally became the popular attraction for bathers. But the gayety was shortlived one bright day, for, as a youth was poised on the end of the board for a dive, electric wires fell from the pole above and swept him to his death. The boy's parents sued the railroad, claiming that he had been rightfully using the public waters when struck down by the fault of the company. The railroad defended the suit, claiming the boy was a trespasser on its land, and consequently it was not liable for any but an intentional injury. Strictly and technically, calling the very tip of the springboard the company's "land," the boy *was* a trespasser. But Cardozo convinced the court that the social interest would best be served by taking the broad view, by holding that the boy was a public bather, even though his feet had not yet left the board, and by adjudging the railroad liable in damages.

Closely allied to this case in essence and social effect is another and later case involving the recovery of damages for the wrongful death of the head of a family. So slow has the law been to catch up with the conscience of the community that the right of surviving relatives to obtain material consolation for the loss that could have been avoided is a comparatively recent development. "Death statutes" now govern this situation in most states, but many of them are shortsighted and incomplete. The New York statute, for instance, limited the right to recover to cases where the deceased was killed in New York State. In this particular case, a resident of New York, motoring on business in Massachusetts, was struck by a Standard Oil Company truck and killed. His family in New York could not sue under their own state statute, so they sued under the Massachusetts act. And Cardozo persuaded the court to allow the suit.

Consider what was done in the three cases above. Each one involved a state of facts never before presented to a court. No precedent existed to shackle the judges. They were free to choose between conflicting interests, between technicality and essence, sterility and progress, logic and social welfare. They could have said, "The law has never allowed such claims before, there are too many lawsuits now, there is danger of fraud, and we will not open the way to more." But they did not. They chose to enlarge the field of litigation so as to permit suits to be brought in cases where injustice would otherwise prevail. Injustice because of a wrongdoer's taking advantage of the law's inertia. And in each case a wrongdoer well able to stand the loss of paying money to people in a less fortunate position than its own. An automobile company, a railroad, and an oil corporation, refusing voluntary compensation, were unable to enlist the court in the service of their dubious cause.

But Cardozo has not always been able to

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sway the court to justice in cases where property interests held the upper hand. Sometimes the strict letter of the law, shielding the unconscionable action of a powerful party, wins with the majority of judges. Abraham Lincoln once told his droll tale of a judge who would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, "but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with."

A good deal of such hairsplitting still goes on in the Court of Appeals. When a policyholder sought to obtain insurance for injuries received in an accident while riding in the side car of a motor cycle, the insurance company refused to pay. The policy covered motor cycles, but did not specifically mention side cars. The majority of the high court upheld the company's contention, and decided that a side car was not a motor cycle. Cardozo dissented.

And he dissented with considerable vigor in the recent case which brought back to public attention the old hard-hearted mortgagee of melodrama. Here the estate of a certain rich man held a mortgage for some $300,000 on a piece of property in New York City. The mortgagor sent the estate a check for the interest due on a certain date, but because of a mistake on the part of his clerk, the sum computed fell several dollars short of the amount due. The mortgagee took advantage of this innocent error and filed a foreclosure suit almost immediately. The notice of the suit was the first actual notice the debtor had of his default, and he at once tendered payment of the balance, which payment was refused. The case came before the high court in July, 1930. Four of the seven judges upheld the right of the mortgagee to insist on the strict letter of his contract, and decreed foreclosure. Cardozo headed the minority judges in lamenting this triumph of legalism over good conscience: "In this case the hardship is so flagrant, the misadventure so undoubted, the oppression so apparent, as to justify a holding that only through acceptance of the tender will equity be done."

IV

In the troublesome field of domestic relations, Judge Cardozo may seem a bit old-fashioned to many moderns. Within the limits of possible choice he tends to favor the woman over the man in the family battles which come before him. There is an immense chivalry in this shy bachelor, a devout regard for family solidarity and the sanctity of the home, a sentimentality so often found in men of the Jewish race. If alimony has been awarded a wife, but is discontinued because of her remarriage, she is entitled to receive it again when her second marriage is annulled. If a husband deserts, goes to another state, and obtains a divorce after falsely stating he does not know his wife's residence, this decree is of course no defense to a later divorce action brought by the wife, where papers are actually served on the husband. That Cardozo sometimes goes far is shown by his lone dissent in the case which decided that a husband was not liable to pay for the service of a detective employed by his wife to discover his infidelity. Cardozo voted to make the husband pay. And he refused to annul a marriage for insanity, though admitting the hardship and suggesting that the legislature meet it. It is significant that in this case the husband was suing the wife. The legislature heeded the judge's suggestion, and made insanity a ground of annulment at its very next session.

One of the richest realms for a philosopher-judge who believes that all men have an equal claim to happiness is the realm of labor problems. The New York court has been confronted with some large ones, and in solving them has proved that it is more liberal than the federal Supreme Court. One recalls the storm raised in the Senate over a recent Supreme Court appointee because, as a federal judge, he had the misfortune to follow his superior's decision upholding the "yellow dog" contract. The New York court, Cardozo concurring, refused to adopt the rule of the Supreme Court and denied an injunction to the Interborough Railway against a labor union which had sought to enlist the company's employees. The court held that this attempt of the union was perfectly lawful, despite the company's effort to keep the men down by making them "understand" that they were not to join a national union.

Then there is the constant application of the Workman's Compensation Act, that humane legislation on behalf of the victims of industrial ruthlessness. Time was when this act was attacked as unconstitutional, but the problem now is, who is entitled to their benefits? Cor-

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porations still like to avoid payment when they are able, and they now seek to show that the claimant was not injured "during the course of his employment." Cardozo's views in these cases are broad. If a night watchman is shot by burglars while on his way to work, but has not yet reached the factory gate, he should be allowed compensation. Even if a workman gets an epileptic fit while doing his tasks, Cardozo thinks an award should be made to him, if he is injured as a result. One unique case involved the commandeering of a chauffeur by a policeman who was chasing a fleeing criminal. During the pursuit the car crashed and the chauffeur was killed. His nearest relative claimed damages under the Compensation Act, and Cardozo delivered the opinion affirming the award.

In this opinion the judge emphasized the duty of citizens to aid the state in putting down crime, "not faintly and with lagging steps, but honestly and bravely and with whatever facilities are at hand." Cardozo is not a bit sentimental about criminals. Their attempt to escape punishment by calling attention to immaterial flaws in indictments, and to technicalities in the rules of evidence, leaves him unmoved. He appreciates the difficulties of a district attorney a little more than some judges do. It is not always easy to obtain convictions these days. Cardozo has made the prosecutor's task lighter by bringing the Court of Appeals to adopt at least one rule different from the rule prevailing in the federal Supreme Court. As *People v. Defore* is there to show, New York prosecutors can offer in evidence even papers which have been unlawfully obtained. Society must be protected, and the criminal must not go free "because the constable has blundered."

But prosecutors must not be too zealous. The judge's fine humanity is alert against oppression. Physical violence, so abhorrent to the peaceful scholar, cannot, if he knows about it, be practiced by the New York police. Time and again he has registered eloquent disapproval of the "third degree" brutalities used to extort confessions from those accused of crime. And he appreciates the complexities of emotion which often move men to make themselves defendants in criminal courts. Take the Caruso case. Francesco Caruso, an illiterate Italian laborer, had been convicted of murder, because in his grief over the death of his sick child, he had stabbed the doctor who had sought to save its life. The doctor had injected a diphtheria antitoxin into the boy's body, and the ignorant father supposed that the doctor's needle had killed the boy. The jury called it murder. On appeal to Cardozo's court, the human factors were considered, the judgment was reversed, and the case was sent back for a retrial for the lighter offense of manslaughter.

The charity here exhibited pervades a myriad of human dilemmas. The tolerance and cosmopolitanism of the really great thinker transcends both religious preference and national boundaries. A woman, formerly a Roman Catholic, but who now renounced the faith, once asked the court to help remove her husband's body from its resting place in the Catholic lot. Judge Cardozo, out of consideration for the dead and for the sectarian cemetery, denied her aid. The People of the State once asked the court's help in imprisoning a man who had done no more than speak his mind in opposition to the prevailing government (Benjamin Gitlow, Socialist leader). The court complied, but Cardozo dissented.

Out of the heat and passion of war came lawsuits — such lawsuits as are often appraised by judges through political rather than judicial eyes. One such was the Petrogradsky Bank case. In the Russia of the old régime this bank had flourished, but the Revolution wrecked it, and the directors fled for their lives. They had on deposit in the National City Bank of New York some $70,000, and several years later the surviving directors asked for the money in the name of the old bank. The New York bank refused to pay, claiming there was no such juristic person as the Petrogradsky Bank, and nobody entitled to sue for the money. The case came before Cardozo in 1930, and he held that the suing directors could gather in the assets and repair the spoliation. And a similar detachment from political and international strife appeared in the Judge's decision, shortly after the war, that real estate in New York could be inherited by a woman who had married an Austrian.

V

YET CARDOZO is a patriot. His powerful dissent in the Soldiers' Bonus case, where the majority of the court decided that the state

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constitution prevented the use of public funds to reward war veterans, is one of the most eloquent pleas for a gesture of honor ever recorded. Whatever men may think of the economics or political expedience of a government bonus — and the virile attacks which almost killed the federal bonus show there is much to be said against it — it is a rather fine display of gratitude for the suffering and sacrifice that has benefited the state. And especially should the relief be allowed when the law-making body has voiced the public sentiment by incorporating it in a statute. Here the high court annulled the act, because they interpreted the Constitution strictly instead of liberally. The Constitution said that no state funds should be given or loaned to individuals or corporations. But Cardozo, again taking the long and sensible view, showed that the only purpose of the prohibition was to stop the use of state funds for the development of private business. Surely nothing there to prevent the legislature from rewarding public servants:

> I pass to the question whether the legislature might reasonably hold that men who in greatly serving had also greatly suffered, gained thereby a claim to reparation for their suffering. I mean, of course, a claim in justice or equity or morals or honor. Great achievement and great sacrifice have been meagerly rewarded. The perils of battle, the hardships of camp and trench, may be poorly paid at any price; few will assert that they are recompensed at the rate of a dollar a day.
>
> We err when we envisage the soldier's relation to the government in the category of contract. Contract in the true sense there is none, but service conscripted by the sovereign, and even though not conscripted, rewarded at its will. That is why payment of the wage does not always satisfy the conscience that there has been payment of the debt. The Constitution does not silence these mutterings of spiritual disquiet when sacrifice unevenly distributed oppresses those who profit by it with the sense of a burden discharged. . . .

It is his way in matters of government — to be a statesman in a democracy, to permit a governing body to govern, to let the legislature enact laws which will conform to the social good. Ever since his first constitutional case in 1914, when he helped the court overthrow an ancient decision which stood in the way of progress, when as a young jurist he took part in the case which upheld the act forbidding night work for women in factories, he has consistently encouraged legislators in their modern welfare work.

And usually he has had the support of the other judges. When the legislature sought to protect the farmers of the state by providing a tuberculin test for cattle, Cardozo sustained the law. And when, turning its attention to the even greater afflictions of city dwellers, the legislature passed an emergency housing law in 1920, to take care of the shortage of roofs, Cardozo upheld the law, despite the troublesome "due process" clause of the federal Constitution. A later legislature enacted a permanent tenement house law, and certain property owners in Manhattan objected that the law was in conflict with the "home rule" law for New York City. Judge Cardozo met this objection with an answer that came from his heart.

> The Multiple Dwelling Act is aimed at many evils but most of all it is a measure to eradicate the slum. It seeks to bring about conditions whereby healthy children shall be born, and healthy men and women reared, in the dwellings of the great metropolis. To have such men and women is not a city concern merely. It is the concern of the whole State. Here is to be bred the citizenry with which the State must do its work in the years that are to come. The end to be achieved is more than the avoidance of pestilence or contagion. The end to be achieved is the quality of men and women. If the moral and physical fiber of its manhood and its womanhood is not a State concern, the question is, what is? Till now the voice of the courts have not faltered for an answer.

For seventeen years this voice has not faltered for an answer. And the answers, like the philosophic generalizations in his books, have spread over the country to show lawyers and educators and social workers how law can be one with justice. "More and more in its social engineering, the law is looking to co-operative effort." Co-operative effort brought about largely by the objective artistry of a scholar and gentleman, a man of high ideals who strives to make them real.

He is now sixty-one years old, but that is young for a judge. He has left behind him an enviable record of humanitarian achievement, and the country's future will be better for his continued service, and the service of his many disciples. "The outstanding truths of life, the great and unquestioned phenomena of society, are not to be argued away as myths and vagaries when they do not fit within our little molds. If necessary we must remake the molds. We must seek a conception of law which realism can accept as true."

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The Negro Fad

by **HELENE MAGARET**

To be frank I should admit, perhaps, that it was the "Negro fad" which sent me to Harlem. Not that I was particularly eager for Harlem night life, but rather because I imagined Harlem to be a strange sort of street carnival, where one might stare in admiration at the Ferris wheel and merry-go-round, even if one didn't care to ride them. When I left Harlem, I was confident that someone had lied about the whole thing. Then I began to wonder if we had always lied about our Negro population, and if so, whether such dishonesty might not be a potent contributor to the misunderstanding which continues to exist between the black and white races.

The Negro fad has existed in America for more than ten years. Still New York does not tire of seeking entertainment in Harlem; club women still show intense interest in novels by Negro writers; and the exoticisms of Negro illustrators are increasingly popular. In fact, the successes of the Negro artist, musician, and poet have become current topics for magazine articles and drawing-room discussions. Yet after ten years of this Negro Renaissance, the race situation remains unaltered. The only conclusion to be drawn is that intellectual competency and artistic popularity are not determining factors in the right to equality.

America has always been interested in her colored population. Her economic situation has forced her into an awareness of it. But the average white American's complete ignorance of the Negro as an individual or as a people has created a romantic interest quite different from and often antithetical to this economic concern. Few people would contend that the colored man has not needed this interest. Nothing would be more fatal to his chances of success than indifference on the part of his controlling countrymen. But there may be doubts as to whether or not he can any longer be helped by a white enthusiasm for Negroes which is tragically similar to a child's enthusiasm for the circus clown.

When the North had been swept by the drama of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the Civil War, the Southern Negro was represented to the sympathetic Northerner as a very touching type — a hero and a victim; but his heroic virtues were no more rebellious than an unflinching fidelity to his master. The "good" Negro was one who loved to be a slave, and who wept copious tears when the Emancipation Proclamation was signed, because he no longer "belonged."

For a while the cinema popularized this romance. Southern Civil War stories were always variations of a single theme. The security of the Southern colonial mansion is destroyed by war. There are many fond farewells as the brave sons of the family march to battle, leaving the women alone and unprotected. In time the Northern troops invade their district. The family residence is pillaged and burned to the ground, the women seeking shelter in one of the outlying cabins. As they all huddle together to lament the loss of their wealth, the wind and rain beating violently on the shanty windows, someone knocks. They are afraid to open the door. Then they hear the old familiar voice of the Negro butler. He enters dripping with rain but jubilant. In his arms he bears the family silver, which he had stolen from the house and buried before the invaders arrived.

Out of this Northern tenderness for the "good" Negro grew the illusion of the romance of plantation cabin life. It has persisted for more than half a century, in spite of the later Harlem night life fad. Negro melodies were a drawing card at any theater, and delicate ladies sentimentally applied handkerchiefs to their eyes, as they viewed on the dimly lighted stage a little group of "darkies" gathered before a sham cabin, which was usually decorated with a branch of cotton on either side of the

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Afternoon in Natchez

Etchings by Esther Bruton

door. Consequently, the Negro grew still more romantic. He became a simple, song-loving, careless laborer, contented and irresponsible.

It is needless to say that many men and women are still influenced by this conception, and would argue in its defense in defiance of contrary fact. What little they know about the Negro they learned from the vaudeville stage. It was a very profitable illusion, for it permitted white men and women to solve the racial problem in a way which was a salve to the conscience as well as a solution. "Leave them alone," they said. "They are happy in their ignorance and poverty, and to take them out of it would bring them grief." While these Pollyannas were profiting by their Christian insight, lynching continued as lawlessly as ever. In the last decade of the nineteenth century, two hundred "happy and contented" Negroes were lynched a year. Although that number has continued to decrease, the lynching problem still remains. But it was a situation which was never recognized by those who wanted to assure the black man's salvation by leaving him alone in his Alabama Garden of Eden.

Then jazz broke abruptly into this scene. The Negro's reputation changed overnight. He was no longer a happy plantation peon. He became a city man, and yet, in being granted sophistication, he was likewise imbued with savagery. The plantation concept was quite devoid of savagery. The Southern Negro was believed to be sensitive and gentle. The symbol of the Harlem Negro is jazz, and he becomes as raucous as the music of that instrument. The beating of the drum is suggestive enough for fertile imaginations to couple it with the pounding of bones on a python skin; tap dancing

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with its characteristic variations might be a devil's dance; and the metamorphosis is complete. The Negro becomes primarily sensual, and since men and women are always eager to witness vice, if they be preserved from its consequences, New York rushes to Harlem. Clever business men have no trouble in giving the public what it wants. Harlem moved out of Seventh Avenue onto Lenox, and Seventh Avenue became a sham playhouse. People pushed and crowded into the doors of the night clubs, thinking they were in Harlem because the revue was brown-legged, or because they saw colored people at a table in the corner. The club may have been owned by a Jew or an Irishman or the man who runs a restaurant on Thirty-third Street, but the gay patrons made no inquiries. It still remains Harlem to them.

The obvious tragedy of the foregoing story is that the Negro continues to be a professional entertainer, and that in most instances his entertainments do not reach the middle level of art. The spirit of spectators in a Harlem cabaret, or even watching a Negro musical comedy, is quite different from that prevalent in an audience awaiting the appearance of Miss Ruth Draper. Wherever the drama or the dance are art, they are still white, and their pursuit is intellectual rather than entertaining. But Negro performers are typical of modern entertainment. They parallel the strolling players of a few centuries ago. Although the actors who visited the court of Denmark were human, they were hardly the brothers of Hamlet.

Literature has fared better with the colored artist. However, if white enthusiasts have corrupted Negro art upon the stage, the colored writer himself is in grave danger of corrupting his literature. White men and women know very little about their darker neighbors, but the Negro knows the lives and the thoughts of the white man perfectly. He has lived in white families as a servant; from the beginning of Negro education he has read white literature and white newspapers; he has traded at white stores and been taught by white teachers. He has become aware of white interest in the sensual savage myth, and the temptation for popularity is so great that he gives the public what it wants. He has resurrected a past which he never knew, and now mourns in plaintive poetry for the loss of a jungle he never saw. He sleeps comfortably in his apartment bedroom on clear nights, but if it rains, he turns feverishly in his bed with the desire to dance to a fetish he never worshiped.

In the words of Langston Hughes, he has become "caged in the circus of civilization." Notwithstanding his unfortunate situation he frequents restaurants, and in spite of the greatness of his appetite he shows no tendency to cannibalism. He does not forgetfully grab his beefsteak in his fist, or drink his water without lifting the glass. He attends church on Sunday, showing no inclination to substitute idols of wood or mud for the Cross. Yet we are still taught to believe that behind these conventions of civilization is the savage agonizing for scarlet flowers and despising the gray walls of our Northern cities. Yet all of these poor, caged-in savages prefer to act as perfectly civilized men and women. They marry, accumulate their little fortunes, and submit to the conventions of modern life, although many of them are quite free to run back to the primitive life of African forests.

Indeed, it would seem unnecessary to state that the Negro would be quite as helpless in the tropic jungle as a white man suddenly finding himself transported into the tribal life of the Goths or Visigoths, and that his hunger for savagery would be less than a boy's hunger for the prairies, if his Western parents had moved to New England years before his birth. Such emotions as have inspired Countee Cullen's "Litany of the Dark People" are undoubtedly genuine. It cannot be denied that the colored man is still sensitive of racial prejudice, for he has suffered more deeply than any white individual can realize. We can justify and understand Mr. Cullen writing:

> All day long and all night through
> One thing only must I do:
> Quench my pride and cool my blood,
> Lest I perish in the flood.
> Lest some hidden ember set
> Timber that I thought was wet
> Burning like the driest flax,
> Melting like the merest wax,
> Lest the grave restore its dead.

But when he concludes "Heritage" with these lines:

> Not yet has my heart or head
> In the least way realized
> It and I are civilized,

we grow skeptical and wonder if the savage instinct is really so strong in a young man who graduated from Harvard and finally chose to

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live in Paris, the most civilized of cities.

Yet without this yearning for freedom and this longing to defy civilization and return to the good old days of the jungle, Negro art would quickly lose its appeal. This imaginary savagery is a ring in the black man's nose. White people hurry to stare at it as they would at a cannibal in the side show. Every individual being rightfully preoccupied with his own success, the Negro artist refuses to throw the ring away so long as it hypnotizes his spectators. He does not trouble himself as to whether it will ultimately damage or benefit his race.

The savagery of the Harlem novel is a little more subtle. The revolt against civilization takes the form of license rather than repression. Prose literature presents the same night life scenes which New York enthusiasts seek in reality. Harlem is given the appearance of a gray stone jungle within New York. The Negro cannot be civilized, and his rebellion takes the form of a dancing girl more diabolic than any white dancing girl, of a jazz band that plays as no civilized jazz band could play, and of a life behind closed doors which is no more typical of Harlem life than Peggy Joyce is typical of the American nation.

Dark Sister

Meanwhile the plantation myth continues, though less popular, and parallels the Harlem myth. In fact, the two sometimes converge, and the Harlem Negro is given the vocabulary of his Southern brethren. Even the best of Negro poetry is often written in dialect, although neither the writer nor the reader would use it in his speech, and its result is to keep the colored man on a level with the circus clown.

A similar Jewish Renaissance would be impossible. America is too well acquainted with her Jewish citizens to believe that any prosperous merchant suffers from the pangs of medieval persecution, and too familiar with Jewish vices and virtues to sentimentalize the Orthodox Synagogue beyond reason. Consequently, our Jewish writers are far more honest than our Negroes. They present to us real people with real emotions, instead of imaginary ones. Yet one would not commit the error of trying to identify the Jewish population with the Swedes of Minnesota. There are recognized differences between all races, but they are differences of degree more often than of kind.

Now the question may be fairly asked: What is the evil of this misconception, if it gives the Negro artist popularity and money in his pocket? Isn't it possible that he is pulling the wool over the white man's eyes to his own advantage? No one will ever know whether the Negro thought he was tricking the white man or not, but certain it is that the plantation-Harlem-savage myth, whether born among the black people or the white, will eventually work havoc upon the former.

The problem is a purely psychological one. We esteem in others those virtues which we possess in ourselves. The lawyer does not idealize the great musician. To him the epitome of all virtues is the great lawyer. The growing boy with scientific interests idolizes the biographies of Darwin and Huxley. Civilized America may be amused by savagery; she may find it a fascinating fad; but she will never admire and respect a people whom she considers less sophisticated than herself. She will continue to look upon the Negro in the same way that a fashionable lady of the 1890's looked upon a chorus girl — something attractive and curious, but hardly of the same breed as herself. It is because America wants to look upon the Negro in this way that she has been remarkably receptive to the savage myth. Every exotic poem of jungle moons brings primarily an æsthetic delight,

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and secondarily an added assertion of white supremacy, at least in the eyes of the white reader. The average Harlem enthusiast finishes the last chapter of a colored night-life novel and declares, "You can't teach morals to niggers."

The Negro fad is akin to interest in primitivism, and will probably last as long as primitivism is popular. But once let the Negro artist cease to assume the rôle of a savage, and he will be praised no longer. He will become a competitor of the white artist and therefore vicious, or at least to be ignored. He may be steeped in the tradition of English poetry, but if he writes in that tradition, as every white American poet has done for two hundred years, he will be copying the white man.

The moment white people can assert that a Negro is aping them, they render him ridiculous in everyone's eyes but his own. For half a century Negroes were looked upon as imitators. If the women did not wear red dresses and purple stockings, or braid their children's hair into hideous pigtails, they were trying to be white and were ashamed of their race. But the jazz era changed this conception, or perhaps modified it, for it became generally believed that no matter how much a Negro might wish to imitate the white race, he could never succeed. At the moment of his success the savage blood is expected to run warm and he be capable at the least provocation of performing any antics of the jungle.

He has now been branded as psychologically different from all other human creatures. He is America's capital freak. He may have beauties, but they cannot cancel his abnormalities. He is a wild man put in a cage. His songs may be beautiful, but they are not the music of Debussy or Ravel, and therefore they are not quite respectable. Playing the wild man has become the Negro's profession, and it is bringing him material success. However, it is not destroying those barriers which the colored man has tried to shatter and must shatter if he is ever to fulfill himself as a normal human being.

Belles

The more differences that can be imagined between the whites and the blacks, the greater the distance between them. And these differences have now been emphasized to the extent that white America is not only unaware, but incredulous if told, that a different Harlem exists from that of popular fiction. White people do not want to believe that there are two hundred thousand men and women living normal, civilized lives in Harlem; that they consist of doctors, lawyers, real-estate agents, bell boys, elevator boys, and every other profession or occupation open to Negroes; that they rise early in the morning, dine at home with their wives and children, and on Sunday go to church. They do not want to believe that the Negro is capable of European virtues. Rather than acknowledge she has been cured, America prefers to bear her colored population like a cancer, and take an unhealthy delight in familiarity with the disease.

Since Negro art is the colored man's one hope of reaching the white public, it lies within the artist's power to destroy these illusions — the plantation myth, the Harlem myth, and the savage myth — and to present colored men and women to the white reader as they really are: that is, as not very different from those people whose civilization, national history, and environment they share. If the Negro race is to receive the right kind of recognition from the white race, it must force white men and women to acknowledge in the colored man those universal virtues of all civilized people. The white population of America must eventually learn to regard the Negro as he really is — an educated American citizen.

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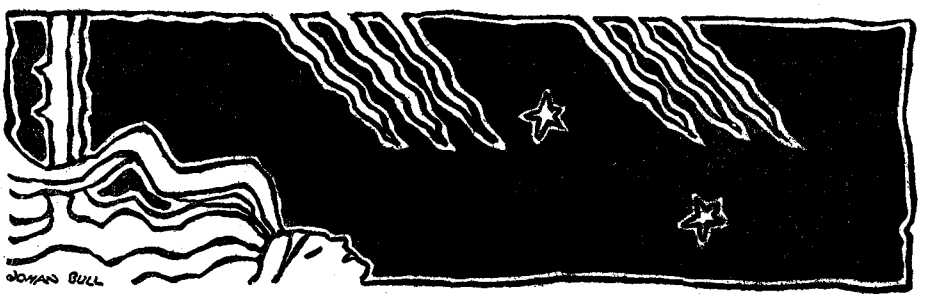
In Defense of CAESAREANS



by **JAMES HITCHCOCK, M.D.**

I

EVERY YEAR in the United States approximately sixteen thousand women die in childbirth, and, although statistics are not altogether reliable, the rate does not seem to be decreasing despite the best efforts of the obstetrical world and the increase in prenatal clinics and care. The normal procedure is what it always has been and, barring the use of anæsthetics and antiseptics, modern scientific improvements have left this form of production high and dry. Not long ago a young doctor's wife who had just had her first baby under the care of one of the popular obstetricians in her city, said to me, "You all make me sick with your talk of improved methods. So far as I can see it's just as it was in the sixteenth century. You fight and suffer and if you're lucky you and the baby live."

"Why didn't you ask the doctor to operate?" I asked her.

"Oh, I did," she replied, "but he said Caesareans were terrible."

In a recent interview about an entirely different problem an attractive woman in the early forties told me of her difficulties in bearing three children. With the first she was in labor for forty-eight hours and her kidneys were acutely involved before the doctor decided to do a Caesarean section. Because of accident or carelessness or ignorance she became pregnant again in a few months. Another physician, with excellent judgment, terminated the pregnancy surgically rather than subject her so soon again to the strain of childbirth. When her second child was to be born, the doctor in charge said it was all nonsense to operate, that she was a normal, healthy woman and that the baby ought to be born in the customary way. It was, with his assistance, but the mother suffered a toxæmia of pregnancy and severe lacerations which required subsequent surgical repair work. With the third baby a Caesarean was performed, but in his anxiety to spare the mother discomfort the doctor misjudged the symptoms and operated too early. The premature child which resulted weighed four pounds, and to keep it alive and well has been a constant problem.

The patient capped this recital by asking apologetically if I thought she should have had the Caesarean operations. She said that one of her women friends had exclaimed to her, "Why, my dear girl, you know nothing of childbirth."

Those two conversations are pretty good starters for a consideration of this business of having babies. Taken at random from dozens of talks about Caesareans, the experiences of those two women show sufficiently well the current attitude toward and use of the Caesarean section. In the first case the doctor refused by scaring off his patient, who he was confident could deliver in the normal fashion. In the second case the operation was used as a last resort on the first occasion, avoided as nonsensical indulgence on the second, and done too

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early on the third. And the patient was made to feel somewhat ashamed of an operation that certainly spared her suffering and perhaps saved her life.

It seems to me that in the face of a job whose popularity is indisputable, whose discomfort is a tradition, and whose danger is proved by the emphasis placed by doctors themselves on the necessity of medical care before, during, and after, and by the maternal death rate, it will do no harm and may do some good to put before laymen and laywomen the possibility of electing a different method of childbirth.

II

THE BEARING of children is about as common a problem as one can find. Married couples who do not want one or more are still the exception, though they may be satisfied with fewer than used to be believed desirable. All the intimate questions of is she or isn't she, boy or girl, will they call it Susan or Sarah, why is she having that Dr. Smith, are discussed wherever and whenever two or three females of almost any age are gathered together. And the fathers, prospective and new, have their own worries. Few men are entirely nonchalant during their wives' labor and the fact that the majority escape tragedy to enjoy all the time-honored jokes on this subject does not alter the fact that altogether too many women die.

Most of these men and women do not hear of the elective Caesarean. One reason is the ballyhoo that surrounds the affair of childbirth. In spite of the fact that pain is popularly deplored and listed by even the saints as one of the evils of the world, there persists a sort of pseudo-martyr tradition in connection with the pain of childbirth. It is used by women as a weapon and as a glory and it is not uncommon to discover resentment toward more fortunate ones who have escaped it. That pain is a discipline of sorts has not been held by an enlightened world to justify it, and every physician and many lay persons know its effect is often bad. Says Thomas à Kempis, "Few spirits are made better by the pain and languor of sickness," and that tenet is echoed by every man who tries to prevent pain. Many physicians believe that their obligation to alleviate suffering is of more importance than the obligation to prolong life. Obstetricians deserve great honor for their efforts to lessen, by the use of drugs, the inescapable sufferings of women in childbirth.

But the chief objectors to elective Caesareans appear to be the obstetricians, who have no false notions about the sanctities of their patients' sufferings. Their objections lie on the side of safety. They seem to be rather solidly of the opinion that a Caesarean section is less desirable than nature's method and the operation is looked upon as a sorry solution for an otherwise lost cause. It is performed because the doctor feels that drastic action is called for. Where the decision is made before the onset of labor the reason is usually a mechanical defect or a disabling organic disease. In the other instances, the patient is allowed in labor until the doctor is convinced that her chances are better with the surgical delivery than without it, and she goes to the operating table always weakened and sometimes moribund. Deaths resulting from such procedure ought no more to be counted against the Caesarean than failure to revive with a pulmotor ought to detract from the value of that instrument.

From these facts it is clear that, except in isolated cases, the elective Caesarean is not practiced. Certainly an operation of choice is radically different from an operation of necessity. It is a decision made before the dice are loaded. It is the substitution of human surgical skill for nature's ruthless and heartless clumsiness. Done by a good surgeon at the proper time, it wears the look of a common sense measure and is worthy the consideration of all prospective parents.

Most women will probably always prefer the normal delivery. Barring the necessity of surgery, they should have it; but we may at least consider the possibility of other means. I cannot find that facts justify the dread in which the elective Caesarean section is held at present. It is a radical measure in current obstetrical opinion, but, in the hands of a competent surgeon, there is no reason to regard it, I believe, as unsound or more dangerous than the ordinary birth.

This age of speed allows of less relaxation than former times. Nerves are generally more taut, people more highly strung, women less bovine than they used to be, if we can believe the stories we hear. Not so many begin childbirth early and keep it up late. There are many more women who look on the production of a child as an event rather than the natural course

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of events. Those to whom the bearing and rearing of half a dozen young ones is all in the day's work are rare, but those who suffer definite psychological damage from the task of normal childbirth are becoming more numerous. For such, the elective Caesarean offers an escape from many of the perils and difficulties of normal delivery.

This point is emphasized by so conservative an obstetrician as Dr. Franklin S. Newell in an excellent monograph on Caesarean sections. Speaking of certain nervous types of individuals, he says, "If such a patient is allowed to go into labor, it may be months or years before she recovers from the shock to her nervous system. And a prolonged attack of nervous prostration is often the sequel. These women fortunately stand the shock of an operation remarkably well as a rule. What they cannot recover from is a long strain, particularly if much pain accompanies it, and all pain is exaggerated to them. They seem to react especially well to Caesarean sections which, by eliminating the pain of labor as well as relieving them of the burden of pregnancy, leave them in a peculiarly favorable condition for recuperation, at least in part, and they often leave the obstetrician's care in better condition than he found them, if treated in this way. It may seem radical to urge a major operation to avoid nervous strain, especially to those who do not meet this type of patient in their local communities; but I am satisfied that these patients are the abnormal product of an overcivilization and are much like hothouse plants and must receive special treatment. If they are treated as ordinary patients, the results are seldom satisfactory to either doctor or patient."

So much for hothouse plants. But even in such cases the doctor would not recommend a procedure entailing an added risk of life, and I believe that in many cases where there is no psychological indication the operation retains advantages. Pain is of course minimized, the mother is subjected to less strain, the date is certain, and the time consumed a fraction of the average period of normal labor. If the baby is alive and perfect in the uterus when the mother goes into the operating room, it is more likely to be so at birth than it is by the natural method of wear and tear. With an adequate surgeon, post-natal repairs are not necessary. It is obvious that it is easier to move a piano through a door than through a transom.

III

The vigorous objections of obstetricians to unnecessary Caesareans make constant reference to the high mortality rate, which ranges from 2 to 4 per cent. These statistics are misleading, since they cover Caesareans done for reasons I have already indicated and not those done on women in normally good condition. A paper recently published gave some figures about maternal mortality in 582 cases of abdominal Caesareans. There were 22 deaths — a mortality of 3.6 per cent. The 582 cases presented 83 operators. Of the 22 deaths at least 11 were due to causes distinctly apart from the operation. All of the 22 women had very severe local or general complications before the operations were undertaken and the operations were measures of necessity. Some of the patients had been in labor for periods of from twenty-four hours to three days. The chief operative cause of death was peritonitis, and that was due more probably to infection from trying to deliver the baby naturally than to the operation itself. I cannot find that a good surgeon fears infection from a clean Caesarean section.

In reading this report one cannot but marvel, not that 22 of these women died, but that 560 lived. Here were 83 obstetricians, probably not all of them expert surgeons, performing an operation in which presumably they did not believe, because they were forced to do it on patients who were severely handicapped. It would be of interest to know the effect, not only of the operation, but of the physical and psychological strain prior to the operation, on those who lived. In another paper, discussing the 10 deaths out of the 87 Caesareans, I could not be convinced that a single death was caused by the operation *per se*.

I am convinced that, properly performed, the operation is not unwarrantably dangerous and that more of them, better done, would tend to decrease rather than increase the maternal death rate. Needless to say, an able surgeon is as essential to this operation as to any other of major importance, and the baby should be allowed as nearly as possible a complete intra-uterine development.

In spite of the scarcity and inadequacy of

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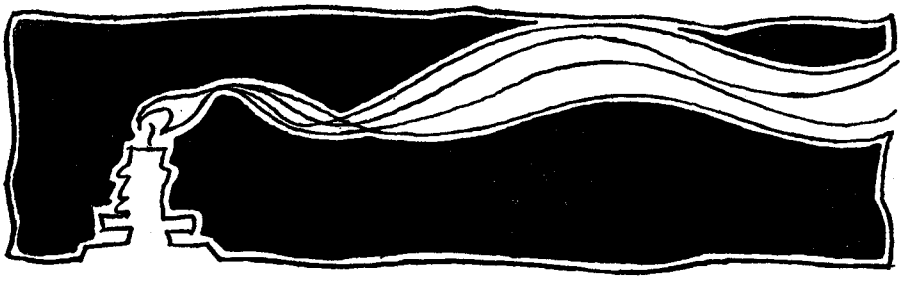
statistics, my convictions about the matter were such that I was willing to put them to the acid test when my wife and I chose a Caesarean as the saner and safer way of producing a baby. Before the birth we were never given one word of endorsement by anyone who knew of our decision. On the contrary, one excellent obstetrician whom I spoke to about the matter raised his hands in horror and said, "But Doctor, that is an awful operation!" Another quoted death rates, and mentioned infections and hemorrhages. Several nurses painted lurid pictures of the after agonies of patients who had had the operation. We were given to understand that we were taking an unjustifiable risk by flying in the face of nature and the best obstetrical opinion.

Our chief worry was to find someone to operate. We discussed many possibilities but rejected them all, some because we knew they would be unwilling, others because they did not meet our requirements. One day on my way to my office I met a surgeon whom I knew slightly and who, I at once remembered, had done four Caesareans on his own wife. I hailed him; I took him down to see the patient and a date five months later was agreed on. The surgeon was interested in our decision and for our further intelligence stressed the disadvantages; namely, the necessity of going to a hospital and staying there for about three weeks, and the remaining abdominal scar. Neither of these bothered us. He spoke of the importance of having a good surgeon, and when my wife asked him if he was a good one he replied with candor that he thought he was. The operations on his wife he did because he felt there was no knowing what might happen if he allowed nature to go ahead. She might be all right but she might not, and neither of them wanted to chance her being unable to ride and hunt again.

Amazing as it seems in these days of frequent examinations, he concurred in the doctrine of leaving well enough alone unless signs of trouble showed up. He said that it was not necessary and was even inadvisable to make the usual examinations when a Caesarean was planned. With no one to bother with her symptoms, my wife flourished. She abhorred ether and hospitals and fuss, but she felt they were unavoidable and there would be much less of them this way than any other. She did not see the surgeon again until she met him in the operating room ten minutes before the baby was born. An hour and a half later she was conscious, she had a minimum of discomfort, and no complications then or at any time since. It may have been mere good luck, but she was the only woman on the obstetrical floor of the hospital who required no attention other than routine surgical care.

That was three years ago. During those three years we have heard many comments, none of them favorable. We have been called everything from a laughingstock to criminal. The storm grew so severe that we asked the surgeon in some curiosity if his mortality rate had been terrific. He told us that he had done fifty or so such operations without a single maternal death. If there is another baby in our family, there will be another Caesarean.

Being neither surgeon, obstetrician, nor statistician, I shall perhaps be censured for stalking another's game. But this baby business is almost everybody's business, and its discomfort, its ill effects, and its loss of life are too obvious for anyone to overlook. Nature is at best untidy and inefficient; at worst, unspeakably brutal. Men have in many ways managed to turn away her too heavy hand and to intercept between her and her victims a gentleness and precision she does not always achieve. The early use of anæsthetics met with a pious disapproval that the years have worn away. It may be that the future will accept as a matter of fact surgical cleanliness and speed in the bearing of children.



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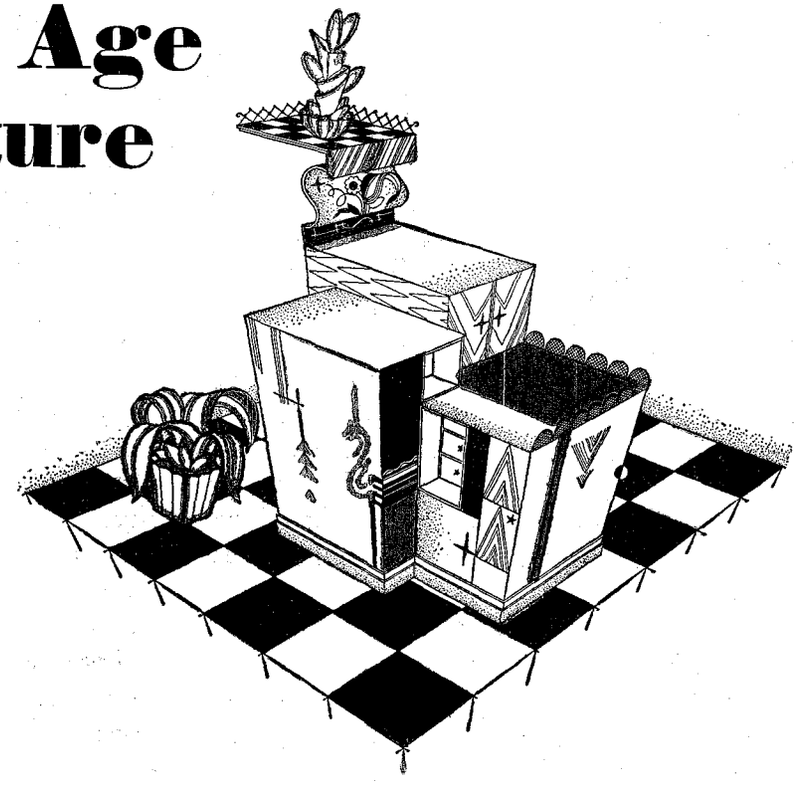
Machine Age Architecture



by **ALEXANDER COBURN SOPER, III**

I

An earnest critic of life and the arts is apt to find no aspect of contemporary America more distressing than her architecture. From an Olympian height he views it, North, South, East, West; unimpressed by shout and boasting, by the effulgence of endless marble and bronze and gold, he passes stern judgment. It is almost all bad, inexcusably bad. Too vacuous to create a style appropriate to modern conditions, it spends all its energies in a servile borrowing from the past. It prefers any stolen garment, no matter how incongruous or outmoded, to what should be its own. Behind the costly pretense there is only emptiness and a colossal Lie. Puerile, shallow, insincere (the critical adjectives will mount passionately), its best is merely the negation of "good taste," its worst unspeakably vicious. Its limitless resources, the opportunities — hitherto scarcely dreamed of — that confront it, make the trivial vulgarity of its accomplishment all the more tragic. The heavens are glorious with a new dawn, and American architecture is too absorbed in sewing ruffles on its Louis XVI costume to look up.

Your true idealist in architecture is not given to gentle words and kindly compromises. Things which the ordinary man might accept without an instant's doubt move him to an eloquence worthy of Savonarola denouncing the sins of Florence. He takes no joy, for example, in the expensive attempts of our universities to fit, over their corpulence, the monastic habit of Oxford. A Corinthian column from antique Rome, reborn to grace the new Trust and Savings Bank, will awake in him only nausea. Alike accursed in his eyes are the World's Largest Hotel and the Million-dollar Movie Theater, country club and high school, palace and hovel.

Here is no architecture born in passionate travail of the soul, shining with the beauty of simplicity and logic and fitness to use; these had their shameful spawning in photographs from the office library, in picture post cards, in sentimental memories of a trip to Italy. Spawned, and died stillborn. For with a very few exceptions (your critic would say) there is no life in American architecture. One sees a great deal of agitation; buildings are torn down and others take their places overnight, cities become scarcely recognizable in a year.

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But so far as one is concerned with architectural significance, all this frenzy of movement is only the twitching of a galvanized corpse, the whirl of fallen leaves in a November wind. Wasted the mountains of brick and stone, the rivers of molten metal, the endless forests, the billions of dollars — wasted and lost forever.

Well in the front rank of this dance of death is the American home; your home, reader, and mine. You may have thought it on the whole a nice enough place to live in. You may even have been rather proud of it at times — when the tulips were in bloom, or when drawn shades and a crackling fire made the living room seem very snug and secret. Perhaps you have compared it with that Victorian relic in the next block, a bristling horror of cupolas and jig-saw woodwork, and thanked God that you were living in the twentieth century instead of the nineteenth. Pharisee! Your own house, to one who has eyes, is quite as shameful. It is more dangerous, indeed, to the cause of true architecture than the worst Victorian atrocity. That was an open attack with a club, brutally honest; this is the subtlest of poisons, honeyed over with a surface prettiness and the plausibility of "good taste."

There is no escape in pleading that because your house is adapted from the best Colonial models, it has a fitness to American soil that the obvious importations from Europe lack. The tremendous acceleration in life since the Industrial Revolution has swept your Colonial ancestors off to a very dim past. He is closer to Geoffrey of Monmouth than to you, far closer to Julius Caesar. The mode of life his dwelling represents is as dead as Imperial Rome; the degree of science in its construction, as compared with achievements to-day in steel and reënforced concrete, seems almost neolithic. As far as you are concerned, all the historical styles, paired with your motor, your radio, your electric light and telephone, are equally incongruous, all Periods alike in their absurdity.

There is no escape; your house goes to the block with the rest. It is dishonest, because it pretends to be what it is not. It is cowardly, because it is afraid to show itself undisguised. It has no more reality than a stage set. Apollyon lurks beneath that roof with its cunningly aged shingles, around the slender Doric pillars of your porch, behind those many-paned windows that so successfully reproduce the old Colonial bottle glass. His breath is on your Adam mantle, your old pine paneling, your authentic wall paper. Your house cost far too much to build, took far too long; wasteful and inefficient, it costs far too much to maintain. It is too dark; Georgian windows let in barely half enough sunlight. It is shockingly overcrowded with furniture, pictures, lamps, bric-a-brac — with every sort of useless driftwood from the sea of the past. The only creditable thing about it is the bathroom. And if you allow yourself to be seduced by advertising campaigns, you may well have spoiled even that with Directoire fittings.

Poor dweller in a whited sepulcher! One agrees with you, it is pretty, it has charm. But does the stench of its inner corruption never reach your nostrils?

Criticism's favorite weapon against the American home is the American automobile. And with reason; it is hard to imagine more effective parallels than can be drawn between the two. The ceaseless race toward perfection which makes cars every year more swift and silent and powerful at a reduced expense is in sharp contrast to the snail's progress of ideas in domestic architecture. The beauty of the automobile — product of calculated simplicity, of clean lines and bare polished planes, of a machine's perfect fitness to its use — is a thing integral with the car itself, utterly modern, without a trace of debt to the past. It is a challenge to the architect who thinks that beauty can be put on or taken off like a dress, and can be safely found only in the past.

The speed and economy and efficiency that characterize the production of motors to-day are a grave rebuke to contemporary methods of house building, still so primitive and costly.

Modern resources should and can make a home as immediately available to every American family as a Ford, and at a like minimum of cost. There is no simpler means of appreciating the needless absurdity of contemporary building methods than by imagining the same methods applied to the production of the automobile. (The device is that of Mr. Buckminster Fuller, one of the most provocative of architectural critics.) Suppose it the result not of factory standardization, but of human individualism; born of the highly uncoordinated efforts of client, architect, draftsmen, specification writer, contractor, subcontractors,

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automobile accessory houses, building inspectors, insurance company inspectors, and workmen in a dozen mutually jealous unions. Supplant the Machine's speed and efficiency by human slowness and waste; by endless arguments, endless delays, constant changes, work that the architect says has to be done over, parts that arrive the wrong size and have to be sent back, troubles with the unions, troubles with the subcontractors, troubles with the building inspector, bad weather holding up the work, demands for more time and more money. And imagine what the car would look like in the end to its owner, after nine months or so of waiting and a probable expenditure of fifty thousand dollars. One can almost see photographs of it in the exclusive magazines; beautiful photographs on crisp, glossy paper:

"This charming six-cylinder sedan reproduces faithfully the old-world elegance of the stately baronial coaches of Normandy, which carried their owners to the court of the Fifteenth Louis. However, one of the happiest things about American automobile design is that it need not adhere pedantically to any one manner; and so you will find that the exuberant bronze lanterns which the architect has so delightfully adapted to modern use as headlights came from a Venetian gondola of the Seicento, while the exquisitely carved wheels (no two of which are alike) are copies of Baroque originals in the collection of the Princesse de Broglie. . . ."

II

THERE IS SOUND criticism here, not lightly to be dismissed as futuristic nonsense. These men who try and condemn American architecture are not "cranks" (unless you wish to consider their intensity of purpose a sign of mental instability). Most of them are above the average in intelligence; far above it in sincerity and seriousness. Architecture is to them a religion, not merely a pleasant profession for gentlemen. They are its Protestants, as passionately intolerant of what they conceive to be decadence as any Luther or Calvin. They fight unsparingly, and with arguments not easy to parry.

They will say, for example, that the scientific discoveries of the nineteenth century made a complete break in the continuity of architecture, marked as decisive a step forward as the discovery, unknown millenniums ago, of the arch. On one side of this break is your brick Georgian house, which would not have seemed unfamiliar to the first kings of Babylon; or your Colonial white pine house, which is cousin to the prehistoric wooden ancestor of the Parthenon. On the other side of the break are processes and possibilities undreamed of before, the miracles of steel, the endless resources of the Machine. Inexorable progress has gone so far, so suddenly, in this one stride that the chain of tradition has snapped for the first time in history. To-day architecture is free, stands alone. What if this too abrupt freedom has brought confusion and fear; if the architect looks back longingly at his chain, his dear, familiar chain, that held together such a pleasant company; if he pretends pathetically that there has been no break, and displays to the world a chain he has made himself out of bits of tinsel and string? Fear and confusion will pass. Freedom remains, and in time will be recognized as a help, not a hindrance in building the great work of the future.

Why sigh (they will say) for the Greek? He had no secret of perfection. His magic formula reduces simply to this: that he solved the problems peculiar to his age by using the best means he had at hand. The Modern can rival the Greek by doing the very same thing: by solving the problems peculiar to his age with the best means he has at hand. The Modern can achieve greatness with reënforced concrete, glass, and machines just as surely as the Monk achieved it with stone, glass, and men. He will rival no one and achieve nothing by erecting imitations of the Parthenon or of Chartres.

So one finds an architect and theorist like Le Corbusier in France approaching the problem of the modern house with a mind studiously stripped of traditions and inherited prejudices; seeking its solution in terms wholly of the twentieth century. To him the house of to-day, in the scale of evolution, is almost as far beyond Mount Vernon as the latter is beyond a cave. Twentieth-century machines give it light, keep it warm or cold, clean it, feed and amuse its owners and keep them in communication with the world; the house is itself a machine to live in. Why then cannot we respect it as we do our other machines, the automobile, the steamship, the

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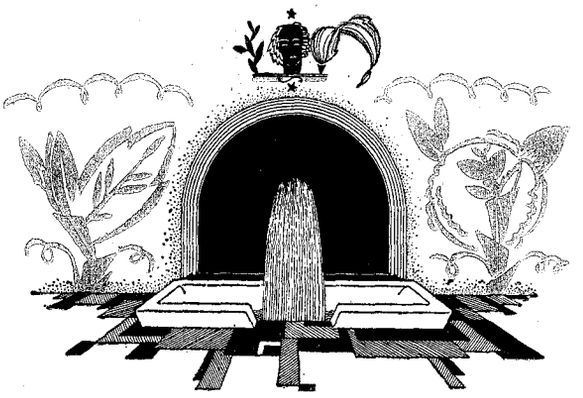
airplane? Admit its nature and make the most of it? No one tries to disguise his yacht as Columbus's *Santa Maria*. No one embellishes the turbine with egg-and-dart moldings. It is as silly to try to hide the mechanical essence of your house under a Period exterior as to secrete your telephone under the ruffled skirts of a doll. The house is a machine. Begin with that fact. Make the most of it.

A machine, in the first place, is fabricated by other machines. Who to-day would make an engine by hand? Yet there is an equal absurdity in piling brick on brick as laboriously as the architects of Babylon, when a concrete wall can be made almost as readily as water is poured into a bottle. Why depend on wood and a carpenter when machined metal is fireproof, rotproof, and infinitely more elastic in its possible uses? Why not, then, adopt mass production of houses by factory methods — use standardized materials in standardized dimensions — and effect as great an economy of time and money as we have in the manufacture of the automobile?



A machine justifies itself only when it is as efficient as men can make it. A house, therefore, should be as practical, as economical, as unsentimental as a tractor. Why continue, for example, the romantic pretense that it must have a hip or gable roof? The flat roof wastes no attic space; it can be readily converted into a terrace for sun bathing; modern methods of insulation and rain proofing have removed the last traditional objections to its use. Again, an important duty of the house, as an efficient mechanical servant of man, is to promote to the best of its ability the health of its inhabitants. We know now something of the great therapeutic value of direct sunlight. It is possible to-day, as never before, to let that sunlight into our houses in a healing flood; to make the entire side of a room one great window. The architect who, knowing this, continues to deal out the old picturesque half-gloom, who still thinks of windows as decorative spots, three feet by five, neatly arranged, is potentially as maleficent as a well-poisoner.

A machine, finally, is beautiful, because it is perfectly adapted to its use; because, no matter how complicated it may seem, it has the essential simplicity of logic. Forget your superstitions. Beauty in architecture is no monopoly of pilasters and wrought-iron balconies. It is far more fundamental than any such tricks of surface decoration. Beauty comes from honest structure and lucid proportions, from simplicity and perfect functioning. If your house has these it will be beautiful and inspiring, even though it bears not the slightest resemblance to Haddon Hall or the Petit Trianon.

There is to some a heady wine in words like these. One begins to feel young, very daring, full of ideals. One remembers the first time he was told that the Greatest Adventure of All is the Christian Life, and resolved forthwith to cut out smoking and go to help Dr. Grenfell in Labrador. So when one comes to examine the houses actually built by Le Corbusier and his "school," the visible tokens of the new era, it is with a mind almost anxious to see in them something as stirring as the theories they embody.

There are a number of these houses in Holland and Germany, some in France and England, a few in the United States. They look, as one would expect, a good deal alike. The new architecture cares nothing for "local flavor" or national character; like the Machine it exalts, it is heedless of political boundaries. So one sees modernist houses in Los Angeles very much as they are in Berlin: boldly geometrical in their masses, aggressively simple in elements and composition. White walls; flat roofs; windows in concentrated areas of glass. Terraces everywhere to invite the sun, porches — half indoors, half out — that seem both living room and garden. Broad, untroubled planes, lines crisply precise. Decoration cut to an unobtrusive minimum of metal railings and awning supports. These houses have been scraped clean, it is obvious, of everything irrelevant. They are the Home reduced to its barest essentials of efficient and comfortable shelter.

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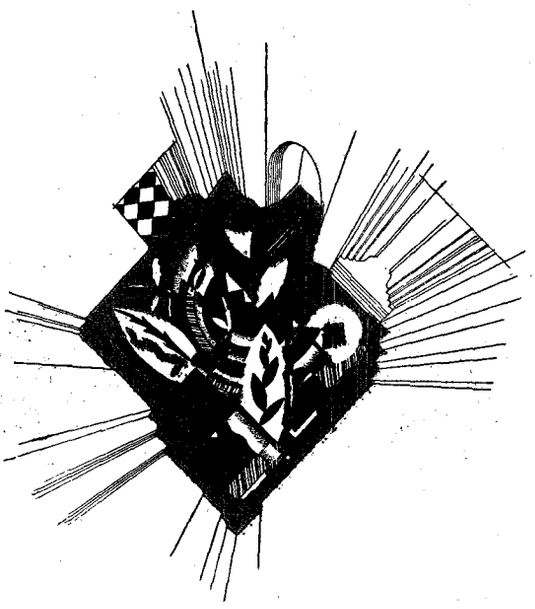
The interiors show an equal austerity. White walls; sunlight; a few articles of furniture, preferably built in. There are no projections, no undercut moldings, no dark corners to hold dirt; no busts of Dante, no models of galleons, no art lamps, no microbe-treasuring rugs. The rooms might almost be cleaned with a fire hose. One can imagine these houses functioning as smoothly and perfectly as the operating theater of a hospital. Indeed it is a hospital they suggest, or the deck of an ocean liner, light, airy, aseptic. Here is honest modern construction and lucid proportioning; here is simplicity and order, and a machine's perfect fitness for use. Here — if you will — is Beauty.



And it is not enough. One's enthusiasm slowly fades. Something is wrong here after all, something left out. If this is what the theories come to, and all the gallant phrases, there is a flaw in them somewhere.

III

THE DIFFICULTY is to say where and why. One has at first only a feeling, a creeping vague dissatisfaction with these shells of concrete and glass. The physical facts of the case, of course, are unassailable. To-day's house probably deserves everything (with an allowance for picturesque exaggeration) that the Modernists say of it. To-morrow's house is everything that To-day's is not. It is dangerous trying to combat logic and unassailable facts with nothing more than a feeling of disappointment. And yet one becomes more and more sure. Something has been left out here, forgotten from the start; some intangible factor that clouds all these clear certainties. This is not the way to build a brighter Hellas.

A first objection might be this: that in their zeal for the perfection of architecture, these Modernists have lost sight of the basic imperfections of man. They exalt above all else logic, frankness, an unsentimental clarity of vision; qualities which on the whole are conspicuously absent in man, and for which he has seldom shown any great appreciation. Here is a fundamental disparity, and perhaps the source of the whole trouble.

It is one of the burdens of the architect that his dreams can be realized only by the help of other men. A poet can attain the *Oxford Book of English Verse* in lonely obscurity, without a thought of his fellows; an architect must accept the world and make his compromise with it, or fail utterly. He may be a great genius, but unless his ideas are persuasive enough to lesser men to seem worth the trouble of execution, they will never be anything more than drawings; pathetic embryos in the museum of architectural curiosities. One begins to appreciate, now, the magnitude of what these Modernists are undertaking, what they must accomplish if their ideas are to be accepted by anything more than a small group of extremists and sensation-hunters. It is difficult enough to persuade one client, or a half dozen, or fifty. How much more difficult to overcome the inertia and the prejudices of a whole civilization! For that, there must be an Idea as stirring as the enthusiasm for Greece and Rome that swept over Europe in the Renaissance. They plan a revolution as truly as do the Communists; to achieve it, they must deal in elementals that hold good in every class and every country. It is not for them to rest satisfied with the approval of a critical minority; they must be as universally appealing as Charlie Chaplin or the desire for a comfortable old age.

Logic and efficiency and order are universal qualities, certainly. But are they the right ones to place so much trust in? Man, in the fundamentals of his life (and choosing a home is one of them), is notoriously illogical, inefficient, disordered. His feeling for these virtues with which he is so scantily endowed is seldom warmer than an uneasy tolerance. They seem to him always a trifle inhuman; emphasis can make them actively irritating. It is never well to forget Aristides, that wise and incorruptible

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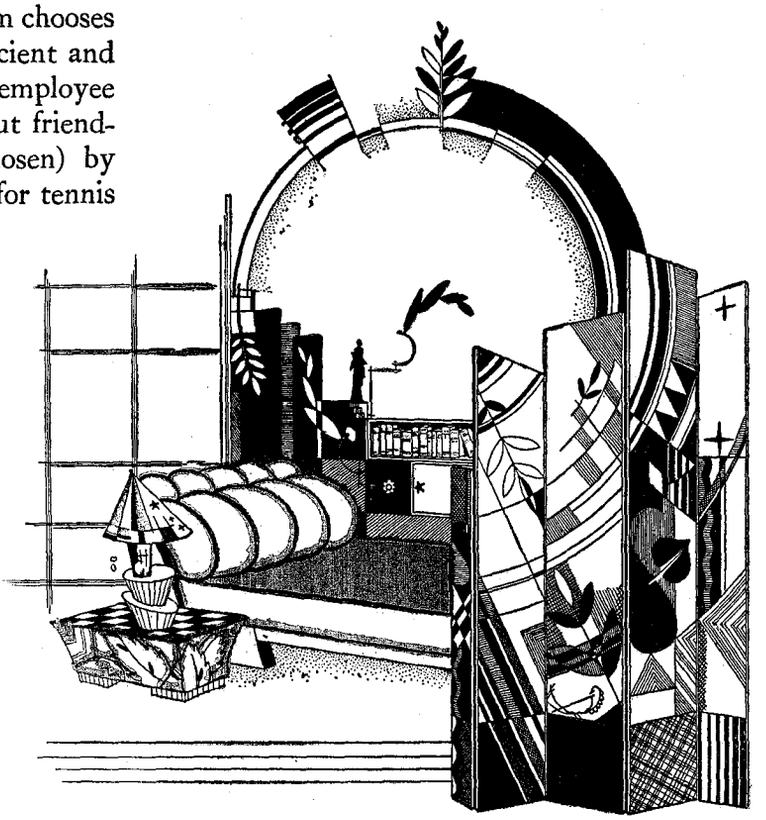
statesman, the pattern of perfection for his age, who was banished from Athens because people were tired of hearing him called "The Just."

There is no surer sign of man's divergence from the Modernist ideal than this: that he cannot, as yet, religiously think of his house as being merely a machine to give him efficient and comfortable shelter. It is that, of course, but how much more; how inextricably tangled with memories and hopes and sentimental dreaming, caught in a confused twilight world of emotion where logic never appears. For good or ill, man has made his house a duality like himself. Part of it is a tangible body which can be measured and photographed, which follows definite physical laws; part is a wholly intangible spirit which is not to be measured or predicted in any way, which follows no laws at all. When a man's automobile consistently breaks down, he usually gets rid of it as quickly as possible. Yet his house may behave equally ill — its roof leak, its pipes freeze, its furnace die at dawn every morning — he will excuse it as charitably, sometimes, as he would the failings of a friend, and still think it on the whole the best place in the world to live. And this by no reasoned weighing of merits against faults; the thing will be instinctive, a matter of obscure, wholly unreasonable emotions.

A home, after all, stands in the relation of friend to most people. One very seldom chooses a friend because he is logical and efficient and animated by the highest ideals. An employee yes, and so one's office or factory. But friendships spring up (and houses are chosen) by capricious trifles: a mutual fondness for tennis or discussing literature at tea-time; the size of a fireplace or the sweep of a roof line. One rather shudders at the thought of intimacy with someone who could never be anything but logical and efficient; whose fierce honesty would impel him to say exactly what he was thinking, always; who would test every action by the uncompromising light of his moral standards, and never for a moment do anything impulsive or hasty or sentimental. There are virtues and virtues. One wonders why the Modernists should have chosen to perpetuate in their house the least companionable of all.

And yet there is really nothing to wonder at. For Le Corbusier and those who think with him have forgotten, or elected to ignore, all the elements in man which refuse to dovetail into their theories; the imponderables that cannot be measured by even the most delicate machines, the inconsistencies that mock at logic. Their house, too, has no imponderables. It is no more troubled and complicated by human emotion than a Diesel engine. There is nothing about it that has not been made in a factory. One suspects that their delight in a mechanized age has led them to the subconscious belief that man himself is little more than a machine, easily understood, easily disposed of; that shelter and comfort will make hm contented, plenty of light and air and green vegetables will keep him healthy, and the four-hour day will give him plenty of time to improve himself culturally. Ah, happy man — his mind like an exhibition motor in an automobile show. Everything polished and gleaming, all the parts neatly located and explained on a chart; no barnacles on the flywheel, no waste clogging the feed-pipe, no mice nesting in the differential. He is a little difficult to identify among one's acquaintances, this Modern Man. But he must exist somewhere, to live in the Modern, No-nonsense House.



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It is curious that the critics should be so well aware of human frailty and its debauching effect on architecture in the past — and should seem so unaware that human frailty continues unabated, and must affect their own work. To-day's house, which they attack so bitterly, gives after all a fairly accurate picture of its owner. If it is sentimental and inconsistent and cluttered with useless survivals, that is because he too is sentimental and inconsistent, and goes always under a heavy burden of inherited prejudices and superstitions. It is difficult to imagine his carrying all these unhappy qualities to live with him in his new glass-and-concrete home; all his silly feelings about pine paneling and flagstone walks and Charm. Perhaps the critics, piling up vitriolic adjectives as they write, like to fancy their words an acid bath from which this owner — now so imperfect — will emerge purified, scoured clean of all his follies, and aching to live in a mass-production house. One can grant the necessity, at least, of some such miracle.

For as things now stand, the Modernist house seems designed not for man at all — not for you or me or anyone we know — but for the inhabitants of some Wellsian Utopia who have long since grown beyond human weaknesses. And this is why one finds it unreal, and disappointing in spite of its virtues, its beauty, the stirring words that champion it. This is its gravest fault, that it recognizes only a part of man, is related to only a fraction of life. The surest source of complication and failure in domestic architecture is precisely the factor which this house refuses to meet except by denial: the intangible, subreasonable factor of human emotion. Can any problem be solved when one of its chief elements is disregarded?

IV

THERE IS a psychology of escape in architecture as well as in literature or painting. Nothing offers a better illustration of this than the amazing popularity enjoyed in our greatest cities by the type of restaurant that pretends to be A Bit of Old Florence, or A Quaint Corner in Seville. One cannot feel proud of these architectural pustules, but they are not to be dismissed as simple manifestations of bad taste. They are more complex than that, and their reason for existence lies deep in the nature of the city itself. They signalize a protest — crude and obvious, of course — against a manner of living which every year grows more complicated and harassed. To a city dweller the Machine Age is most noticeable in its most offensive aspects, as an incessant, brutal attack on human nerves. The roar of the elevated, the head-splitting clatter of riveters, the shameful indignity of a subway rush, the noisy peril of crossing streets — it is in flight from these that a city's population goes to Florida if it can, and if it can't, takes refuge in imitations of the Alcazar and the Bargello. Their pretense may be little more than childish, the stone arches obviously plaster, the massive oak timbers painted concrete; but they serve their purpose. They satisfy some obscure corner of a man's mind that desires illusion, even cheap illusion; that hates the pandemonium outside, and wants to pretend, if only for an hour, that the world is quiet again, and leisurely.

Most people are not wholly at ease in the modern world, and they are willing to pay well for the illusions that momentarily soften and disguise it. They find, perhaps, that they can bear it more contentedly — noise and confusion, hurry, everlasting tension — by virtue of the hours in which, consciously or not, they pretend that it does not exist. For its steely common sense they substitute the fairy-book life of the movies; from the spiritual oppression of skyscraper and subway they escape into lath-and-plaster medievalism. And at the end of a day's work they go home thankfully to houses that look as little like an office building as possible; that deny office buildings, deny the twentieth century, deny that machines were ever invented. The corners of their spirit, rubbed raw by machinery, are soothed by hooked rugs and pewter and prints; by old things (even by poor copies of old things) that breathe the serenity of a simpler age.

It is significant for more reasons than one that enthusiasm for the Machine House has been largely confined to Europe. The critic can explain this easily enough; Americans are notoriously slaves to a corrupt academic tradition. But one may perceive, also, that so far Europe has been merely toying with the Machine Age, while America is living with it and has found it a not completely comfortable bedfellow. Consider a Frenchman, working in a city still dominated by the eighteenth century. Perhaps it was only last year that his home

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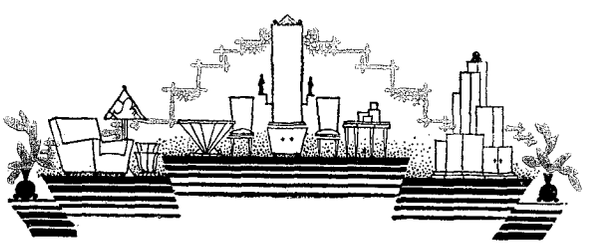
knew the excitement of steam heat; three mornings a week he has to climb five flights of stairs to his office because the *ascenseur* is in temporary difficulties. One can excuse his idealizing a perfectly mechanized life, and dreaming of a modern house full of marvels of comfort and efficiency.

But the American has been brought up on mechanical marvels. The elevator that may carry him fifty stories to his office is efficient beyond all dreaming. The only thing that stands between it and absolute perfection is the fact that its passengers, being weakly human, cannot be forced to get on and off much faster, in spite of every sort of ingenious mental prodding. This American obscurely resents being bullied by high-speed elevators, being chained to telephones, being hustled by some machines and deafened by others all day long, and with the years he piles up a subconscious rebellion. When the chance comes for him to express his resentment, he buys a house that he and his wife have found in the country; an old, run-down farmhouse in the hills, with big stone chimneys and a beamed ceiling.

Both he and the Frenchman are protesting against their surroundings. The European escape is into the future; a future which in most respects is merely an intensification of the American's present. The American knows that sort of thing too well already, and — rightly or wrongly, as you prefer — chooses his solace from the past.

There is small profit to the critics in reviling imitative architecture while the conditions that encourage it are unabated. As long as the realities of a machine-made world are so uncomfortable to man that he cannot accept them without at least a partial disguise, he will continue to use his home as an escape from Fact; and domestic architecture will continue to be just as illogical, imitative, and falsely picturesque as it is to-day.

Modernism has had its well-deserved victories. Skyscraper, factory, airport; the past has no claim on these or their like, and the present knows how to treat them superlatively well. But its fiercest struggle and most important — over the body of the American home — seems likely to dwindle out into compromise or defeat. The case against it is too clear. All the brilliance of its debate is dimmed by unsound premises; the shining pyramid of its theory towers uneasily over quicksand. One can imagine it flaring up for a few years as a smart sensation, lasting perhaps as long as its lamentable predecessor, Art Nouveau, then sinking as inevitably and as permanently into that limbo which has always been reserved for forgotten fashions.



Yet its virtues need not be lost simply because they have been overstated, or the good in it neglected because it falls short of perfection. It is possible to conceive of a compromise between this house, which is too like an automobile, and to-day's house, which is too like "an old stage-coach full of tuberculosis"; a compromise that might advance the cause of good architecture and still remember man's limitations. The art of building can learn much from Le Corbusier in rapid and economical construction, and in the eternal beauty of simplicity.

There are liberal forces working to-day which will know how to profit by all that is of value in Modernism; working quietly and without sensationalism, toward a progress more lasting than any fashion. They have already shorn eclecticism of many of its excesses. In time their cautious advance may bring the development of a distinctive American style, linked with the past as man's mind is always linked, but no longer slavishly bound to it. One may see the beginnings, perhaps, of such a style in the Far West, where architects have fused elements once Spanish or Italian into something that is neither of these, but Californian, made for brown hills and ocean and unending sunshine; something barely touched by archæology, engagingly simple and invitingly direct.

There is no need, then, to fear because Machine Modernism is too extreme that the Olde English Half-timbered Suburb must go on forever, and the Corinthian Order swagger down the years to the end of time. Architecture will not stand still always, even though this one pull was too sudden and ill-balanced to move it.

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Standardizing Values

Instead of Trying to Nail Down the Restless Dollar

by **WALTER A. TERPENNING**

"THERE IS no pain like the pain of a new idea," said Walter Bagehot, but there never was a time when the suffering from new economic ideas was less excruciating than in the present crisis. The depression, with its unemployment, lengthy bread lines, vacant stores, smokeless factories, bankrupt banks, and general economic disorganization and demoralization has reached such proportions that even the politicians can no longer laugh it off, and anyone who has a reasonable suggestion for the amelioration of such conditions need have no hesitancy in expressing his views.

The industrial system and the credit machinery have broken down and have left a ghastly fear and lack of confidence in the future which show in the fact, as suggested by *Life*, that even the folks who never expect to pay are not buying.

It is with this fear of the future that this article is concerned, a future that we can no more disregard than Hamlet could "jump" the life to come. The apprehension, and the resulting hesitancy in the mind of every producer and consumer, which resolves itself into an *impasse* of watchful waiting to see which way the capricious cat of price levels is going to jump, must be overcome. The making of such price levels the standard of value would go a long way towards the fundamental solution of the problem.

THE UNSTABLE DOLLAR

ALTHOUGH the students of money and credit have been unable to offer a workable solution of the problem of business fluctuations, they have made a great contribution to our understanding of a most important phase of the problem, namely, the defects of money as a standard of value. One of the most serious aspects of the present uncomfortable condition is the cyclical change from a period of inflation to one of deflation of our dollar. This change, which is accompanied by such confusion and inconvenience, and which may last for five months or five years, is an upward fluctuation in the value of money as measured in price levels.

The tendency for money to fluctuate in value has been a weakness of every pecuniary system, whether the legal tender has been cattle, or precious stones, or salt, or ponies, or wampum, or tobacco, or gold, or silver. It was of this instability, as experienced in the seventeenth century, that Macaulay was thinking when he said, "It may well be doubted whether all the misery which has been inflicted on the English nation in a quarter of a century by bad kings, bad ministers, bad Parliaments, and bad judges was equal to the misery caused by bad crowns and bad shillings." A similar accusation might be made against the fluctuating pecuniary values of our century. Unquestionably, money has been the root of much evil of which even Paul of Tarsus never thought.

Illustrations of the limits to which this fluctuating value of money may go are the United States "greenbacks" during and after the Civil War, the Bolshevik rubles after the World War, and the German marks in 1923 and 1924. In February, 1924, a bill of 100,000,000,000 German marks was worth a little over two cents in American money. The slightest change in the value of money in either direction means loss to someone, and the likelihood of change increases with the increasing use of credit.

Like a toy balloon, there is a limit to the inflatability of money and credit, and the serious difficulty of most provisions for avoiding a break is, as with the balloon, the fact that no one knows in advance just when the limit will be reached. As late as September, 1929, even

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such an authority as Professor Irving Fisher was taking issue with Mr. Roger Babson and arguing that market conditions were healthy.

The most noteworthy of the schemes for the direct control of money is that of Professor Fisher. His plan is to secure a stationary instead of a fluctuating dollar by adding to or subtracting from the number of grains in a gold dollar according as the purchasing power of each grain decreases or increases. The difficulty of having to call gold dollars in and chip a piece off or weld one on bi-monthly, or as often as the index numbers show a change in price levels, is obviated by the provision that no gold coin is to be allowed to circulate. The difficulty of preventing the circulation of gold money is passed over without much discussion.

Professor Fisher's remedy amounts to the government's saying to the holder of a gold certificate, "Now we have deposited in the vault at Washington a certain amount of gold sufficient in value to redeem your certificate at whatever figure the index number indicates at the time of redemption, but you cannot touch it, unless you accept it in the form of bullion to be manufactured into jewelry or to be exported to foreign countries."

This means that there would be no gold dollars, as such, to be used as money and, since that is the main reason why gold now has value, it would seem probable that gold certificates would be acceptable only to jewelers, or tourists abroad. Ordinarily, the holder of a gold certificate, like the depositor in a run on the bank, wants his money if he cannot have it but does not want it if he can. Money issued on government fiat alone is not generally acceptable, and that only is acceptable which is based upon some commodity having intrinsic value and being itself used as legal tender to the extent that the holder of bills is encouraged in thinking that he could have them redeemed if he wished to do so.

The schemes for stabilizing the value of money through control of credit are equally faulty in that those which are simple are inadequate and those which are adequate, or appear so, are too involved to be put into practice.

A Substitute Standard

There is hope, however, in the fact that there is one more and only one more alternative in the way of a method of dealing with the problem, an alternative apparently overlooked by students who have considered the problem in the past. That third alternative resolves itself into a substitution of general price levels, as measured by index numbers, for money in the function of serving as a standard of value. Such substitution would not obviate the necessity of maintaining efficient financial and credit machinery, but it would make unnecessary artificial devices implicit in all schemes for stabilizing the dollar through a managed currency.

This suggestion has the advantage over provisions for stabilizing the dollar in that it is so simple that a wayfaring man, though not an economist, can understand it. It could be applied to a single business or to that of the entire country, as we already have most of the necessary machinery for its application on whatever scale we might choose to apply it. The proposition is simply to let the value of money fluctuate as it will, but to make all contracts in which risk is involved due to the time element, *i.e.*, contracts calling for the payment of a certain sum at some future date, made with the stipulation that that sum should not be measured in dollars and cents, but that it should represent a certain buying power.

The change would mean our ceasing to think of money in its traditional aspect as a standard of value, and to substitute for it in that traditional function the more fundamental standard, its purchasing power. The innovation might be accomplished in either of two ways, through its gradual and voluntary adoption by different kinds of business concerns, or suddenly through legislative enactment forcing all makers of contracts involving risk from possible changes in price levels to make their contracts with the stipulation that their fulfillment allows for fluctuations in the value of money. The first method would be comparable to that of getting folks up an hour earlier in the morning by convincing them that early rising makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise. The second would be similar to that of enforcing daylight-saving time. Let the mayor turn the town clock ahead, and every citizen will be out of bed an hour earlier the very first morning.

Never before has the evil of general price fluctuations and the gambling which it necessitates been more evident, and the time is now

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ripe for depriving money of its tyrannical power of determining values.

Most of us do not want money to look at or to light our pipes with. We desire money for the things money will buy. The amount which we demand at any particular time is determined by the amount of goods and services which we demand. Its function as a medium of exchange is the most important and the only non-transferable function of money; and, in view of its instability of value, not even the economists who, at least since Adam Smith, have proclaimed its function of serving as a standard of value, would object to divesting it of this function, if a more dependable substitute could be found to serve in that capacity.

The only possible substitute is that of general price levels as indicated by a system of index numbers. Such a substitution would improve money as a medium of exchange, and would solve the problem resulting from its instability. The suggestion is simply that all contractual agreements involving the payment of money at some future date should contain the stipulation that the amount of money to be paid should be determined by the buying power of money at that future time as compared with that at the time the agreement was made. This provision would, of course, be most beneficial in connection with those contracts in which the time element is greatest, and would have no application to business transactions the fulfillment of which does not involve the passage of time.

Applying the System

The system is applicable to three kinds of business transactions requiring time for fulfillment:

1. Money contracts in which both parties to the transaction furnish or receive money. Illustrations of such contracts are notes, bonds, savings deposits, insurance, and other terminable securities.

2. Contracts in which one party pays money for goods or services furnished by the second party. The payment of salaries and wages, producing goods on contract, and the sale of goods on account are examples of this kind of business.

3. Non-contractual production in anticipation of demand. This would include such businesses as agriculture and the manufacture of automobiles.

In a simple promissory note, the form of the agreement would be something like the following:

One year from date I promise to pay the First National Bank the equivalent in present purchasing power of Ten Thousand Dollars, ($10,000), the amount to be determined by the index of wholesale prices of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, as of the date nearest the due date.

The borrower would receive his $10,000. If at the expiration of the year the value of money as measured in purchasing power had depreciated so that one dollar was then worth seventy-five cents, as might well be the case, he would have to pay the First National Bank $13,333.33. If, on the other hand, the value of money increased during this time, he would pay accordingly less than $10,000. This arrangement would involve injustice to no one, while under the present system, as economists have long understood, an appreciation in the value of money always means a loss to debtors, and a depreciation means a loss to creditors. If a man borrowed $1000 in 1913 and repaid the debt in 1920, the amount returned at that time would have represented in purchasing power only 45 per cent of that received in 1913, and the lender would have been the loser by $550. If the same amount had been borrowed in 1920, and repaid in 1928, the borrower would have returned to the lender $1500 in purchasing power, a transaction which would have represented a loss of $500 to the borrower.

The adoption by the banking business of this system of using price levels as the standard of value would probably encourage most effectively its general use. It is applicable not only to the payment of loans but to the repayment of savings and the computation of interest.

It is perhaps most needed in international business. In international loans, for instance, the time element is usually very great, and the length of time allowed for such loans allows for a correspondingly great fluctuation in the money values. A better argument for a reduction of the debts of European nations to the United States than that they won the war for us is the fact that the dollars which they borrowed were worth in purchasing power much less than an equal number of dollars are now worth. The conflicts which result from the desire of debtor nations to postpone the payment

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of principal until a period of "good times" or depreciated money values, is a fruitful source of hostility. The Young Plan for Germany's payment of indemnities, designed to favor Germany, is now very unfavorable to that country.

This speculative risk, involved in every economic contractual agreement into which the time element enters, could be avoided by the provision that the fulfillment of the agreement should allow for the change in the purchasing power of money.

Suppose, for instance, such a business as that of life insurance, one of the largest in the country, should take the suggestion seriously. At present, every thinking policyholder knows that his beneficiary may be paid off in currency worth a small fraction of that in which he is paying his premiums, if the sums are compared in economic power. This scheme would be applied not only to payments made to beneficiaries, but to the amounts paid in annual or biannual premiums. Again, since insurance companies are among the largest purchasers of bonds, they could probably find many firms, perhaps even the government, willing to issue bonds subject to such an agreement. The idea would spread, and with its spread would disappear the fear of the future and the lack of business confidence in so far as that confidence is, at present, disturbed by changing price levels. Not only life insurance, but all kinds of insurance might adopt such a system.

Wages and Salaries

As an illustration of the working of the system in connection with the second form of contract, wages and salaries might be paid according to schedules varying from month to month or year to year and so avoid the present necessary painful changes in standards of living and the bitter conflicts between employers and employees resulting from unwilled and unforseen variations in currency values. Such conflicts would be eliminated as rapidly as the function of setting a standard of value could be transferred from the legal tender to the more fundamental purchasing power of money. This transfer could be made in all the contractual relationships pertaining to employment in which sufficient time is involved to allow for a change in price levels. In no other contracts is any change necessary.

The application of this provision to employment would not imply the stabilization of salaries or wages. It would not prevent changes in salaries or wages because of changes in the workers' efficiency or for other reasons. New contracts could be made from time to time as at present. It would simply mean that changes in price levels during the term of employment would result immediately and automatically in corresponding changes in the stipulated wage or salary. If the buying power of five dollars a week or $5000 a year suddenly doubled, the amount to be paid would suddenly decrease by one-half. If such buying power suddenly decreased one-half, the amount to be paid would be doubled.

Under the present system, employers are loath to make changes in either direction. When a depression comes, they keep up wages and salaries, and economize by employing fewer men. This amounts to an increase in wages and salaries for those few while the rest starve. When an inflation comes, wages and salaries are not immediately raised, and this necessitates the painful expedient of reducing the workers' standard of living. The task of explaining to workers the fact that the amount of remuneration to be paid to him at the time of employment would serve only as a base upon which to compute future remuneration in line with the changing value of money would not only provide for the peaceful adjustment of wage and salary changes which must eventually be made anyway, but it would facilitate a friendly understanding which would be an advantage in the solution of other common problems.

In the business of legitimate speculation, a business which is often blamed for the depression, this provision would be an advantage. The dealer in futures might agree to pay his losses or take his profits in so much buying power and so make the gambling risk in unascertainable changes in money values unnecessary. He could then perform his function of stabilizing the prices of the commodity in which he deals more efficiently in that he could concentrate on the study of the more or less ascertainable future supply of and demand for the commodity without having to guess at the probable changes in general price-levels. Such stabilization would then be sounder economically than the sort of control exerted by the

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Farm Board. Modern business is highly specialized, and the specialists wish to give their attention to, and receive pay for, only their particular functions. They are quite willing to forego the opportunity for speculative profits in order to avoid speculative losses. The application of this provision would remove the most risky speculative element from modern business.

Certain non-contractual enterprises might profit by basing value on buying power rather than on money. Many economic enterprises such as ordinary retail, most farming, and all other kinds of producing in anticipation of demand, do not involve contractual agreements in the sale of the products. The producer, nevertheless, might hedge in the value of money much as the miller hedges in the value of wheat. The miller, like the merchant, farmer, or other producer, is not an expert speculator and wishes to give his whole attention to his specialty. He is willing to forego the chance of speculative profits in order to avoid the chance of speculative losses. He therefore hedges, or both buys and sells an equal amount of wheat to be delivered at the time when the grinding process is completed. If the price of wheat changes during this time, he offsets his loss in one deal by his gain in the other. So the credit which one uses in the process of stocking goods, growing crops, or manufacturing, if subject to the changes in general price levels, would enable him to hedge the risk of changes in money value during the performance of his specialized function, that of production, not speculation.

Such hedging might apply to building costs. The builder might pay back his building costs in serial bonds maturing from time to time as the building depreciates and subject to the general price-level provision. As such production is managed now, he who sitteth down and counteth the cost is just guessing at it.

Of course, many business organizations would include in their various processes all three of the kinds of businesses enumerated above. The manufacturer of automobiles would put his surplus capital out at interest in loans or savings deposits and contract for the payment of his funds in a way to avoid loss through changes in the economic power of money. He would borrow money subject to the same provision for the purchase of raw materials. He would employ his laborers with the understanding that their wages or salaries should automatically vary with the general price levels. He would hedge on his unsold stock during the period of waiting for a market. He would confine himself to the manufacture of automobiles and avoid all unnecessary speculative risk.

The New Bookkeeping

I am assured by an authority on accounting, Professor William A. Paton of the University of Michigan, that the accounting system would not be seriously complicated by the changes necessary to the stabilization of values. While it would entail some technical problems such as its application to appreciation and depreciation, it would in general involve no difficulty more complicated than that suggested by Professor Fisher who, writing in 1920, said that, as compared with the biggest dollar we ever had, that of 1896, the present dollar looked like thirty cents. Actually it was worth about thirty-five cents.

As applied to wages and salaries, the employees who could do simple problems in arithmetic could compute the effect upon his income of a change in price levels by the use of a simple formula. His actual wage would equal the reference wage times a fraction, the numerator of which would be the index of the particular date of the computation and the denominator, the reference index figure. Suppose, for example, a workman was hired for $18 per week at a time when the index figure stood at 110 and that during his term of service the index figure rose to 121. The new wage would equal $18 \times {}^{121}/_{110}$ or $19.80. A decrease in the price level would be computed in the same manner. Mr. Henry Ford is already basing the wages to be paid to workers in different countries upon the different price levels in those countries. The same reasons for thus varying wages from place to place are valid for varying them from time to time, and the difficulty of computing the latter variations would be no greater.

The two questions which immediately present themselves are: Is this proposition based upon sound economics, and is it practicable? Authorities on economics, accounting, banking, and law whom I have consulted all agree that the proposal is valid and feasible from

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the standpoint of their specialties. Economically, it would facilitate the popular understanding of economic laws in so far as they impinge upon the true conception of wealth, which is now often confused with money. The various fallacies of keeping money in "our town" or "our nation" and those concerning the amount of money needed in a country would easily be seen to be absurd. It might result in an increase in faith in statesmen who may be no more to blame for a depression than for a bumper crop of wheat.

We have various agencies with carefully prepared systems of index numbers, used regularly, but mainly as a basis for observing trends of money fluctuations in order to anticipate probable future conditions. This function would be no longer necessary, since the worry concerning future price levels would be eliminated. It is generally admitted, anyway, that they have been of little value when used for this purpose, especially in anticipating sudden deflations, such as that which ushered in the present depression. Most of the forecasts failed hopelessly in indicating the turning point in the recent break.

Proper use of this machinery would make unnecessary its use in the fortune-telling function. We could disregard the future, and use, possibly, a government-controlled system of index numbers to determine what we should pay in premiums, bond and stock retirements, dividends, rents, interest, salaries, wages, taxes, *etc.* The assurance which would result is the main thing that is needed to restore confidence and start the wheels rolling toward a return to something far better than normality.

Even though the present depression runs its course and we return to less confused conditions, there is no assurance that such conditions would last long without some new rational method of control over economic processes which produce fluctuations.

If this method of stabilizing values were adopted on a large scale, it would accomplish directly the stabilization of real values; and indirectly would go a long way toward accomplishing what the various dubious schemes of dollar stabilization seek to accomplish directly. It would prevent the fluctuation of money values themselves in so far as they are now the result of psychological uncertainty and of the speculative efforts of those who try to take advantage of such fluctuations. Thus it would kill our bugbear twice, which ought to prove fatal.

Modern Daughters

by **ALICE AUSTIN WHITE**

I

It is often asserted when two or three women are gathered together that times are bad with the younger generation. They have departed from the ways of their mothers; they have neither manners nor morals; my dear, the things these boys and girls do! Just wait, they tell me, until your own daughter goes to a roadhouse at two o'clock in the morning — and the implication is that if she escapes the Consequences it will be only by good luck or by a wisdom we shudder to think our daughters possess. But when I have pressed for instances, it appears that my friends have no particular daughter in mind just at the moment, only the younger generation in general. Indeed, these stories of youthful atrocities seem to be rather like those German atrocities during the war which had always happened a week before, in another village, a little farther on.

I stand skeptical, not so much of the tales I am told as of their ultimate direfulness. The sins of "the younger generation" seem to lie in its divergence from the older generation, particularly in its attitude toward sex. Perhaps

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these nice women who are so perturbed by modern youth were not rebels when they were young, but I was, and most of the girls I knew represented a sharp divergence from their parents. To be sure, we did not tipple in road-houses: on the contrary, we were undrunken beyond belief. But I do not think that mothers of girls petting in parked cars find their daughters more headstrong and incomprehensible than our mothers found us. If they did not sit talking about us over their cups of tea, I imagine it was because they were too much hurt by our goings-on to wish to discuss them.

The change in religious feeling was a prime cause of misunderstanding. To be sure, one of the charges against modern youth is that it is godless; but the godliness of its parents is nothing to boast of. The future life is a vague matter at best nowadays, but to the parents of my childhood it was as definite as daily life and the conduct of daily life was supposed to be directed toward its rewards and its punishments. Modern heartaches over a child who departs from the established code of manners could hardly be more bitter than the heartache of a parent a generation ago whose child departed from the god of his fathers and was thereby lost through all eternity.

There was also a painful difference in attitude toward marriage. Of sex we did not speak. For my mother's generation, marriage had been the only career for a girl, not because it might satisfy physical and emotional needs — it was not admitted that she had such needs — but because it provided her a home, a family (rather beyond her dreams perhaps), and a recognized place in the community. Life itself was known to be a hard-working, childbearing matter, but the preliminaries to life were imbued with a wistful romance. The story began with the courtship and ended with the wedding; and the tense moment came when the hero, reverent in the presence of purity, printed a chaste kiss on the brow of the heroine. People were enthralled by the marriage altar and embarrassed by the marriage bed.

I do not know what my mother thought of marriage in the sense of which she never spoke, nor should I to this day dare ask her. I think sex was to her natural and inevitable, rather Biblical indeed, but the end of "innocence," of the sunshine and illusion of youth. I suppose she must have been subject to the puritan doctrine that "carnal pleasure" in itself was wrong because it was pleasure, and that it was justified only by spiritual values independent of it and by the divine duty to people the earth. She may have been one of those traditional Victorian women to whom intercourse was always distasteful; but I am more inclined to believe she shared the human joys of being in love, tempered by distrust of the flesh and by always ominous possibilities.

Though my mother never talked to me directly about sex, she conveyed very definite impressions. Her reticence was certainly not the reserve of one in the presence of something too sacred for words; her pained silence confirmed an idea that the physical aspects of marriage were something to be dreaded and avoided. From my earliest childhood she had instilled principles of modesty — which meant not showing your body even to yourself; your body and all its processes, I gathered, were shameful.

As a child of nine or ten I picked up a few distorted notions of sex from the least attractive children at school. I was ashamed of the furtive fascination they possessed for me. They were obviously not "nice," but they seemed to me as obviously not related to real life. The bits of biology I secretively ferreted out of books as I grew older were equally meaningless and unsightly. No wonder, I thought, that mothers do not mention matters so unpleasant. At the same time, certain positive points of view characteristic of the times contributed their part to my distaste: the prevalent shame at nakedness; the horror with which adultery was looked upon; the disgust at the "immoral" books that were already beginning to show their evil heads in the virgin valleys of Victorian literature.

By the time I went to college I had formed a fairly definite theory of marriage. In so far as it involved "physical aspects" it was objectionable. If people wanted children, they must, I had learned, submit to ignominious preliminaries; otherwise I could not imagine decent people going through an experience so humiliating. Poor and sluttish people had large families because they were not nice people; most people of my acquaintance had small families because they were nice people; if they had large families, it was because they were particularly fond of children. The small family

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marked an advance in civilization because an advance from brute instincts.

II

THIS WAS the general point of view of the girls who became my friends in college. If we had been prettier the attention of boys would perhaps have served as a normal corrective of some of its falsity, but as we were, point of view and lack of looks made a combination that was unattractive to boys. We had learned at our mothers' knee that nice girls are never forward with boys. The attention, always respectful, of men was something one never sought; it must come to one. In the code of my group, to manifest interest in boys laid one open to the charge of being boy-crazy (and few pronouncements in the encyclical were more scathing than those concerning the boy-crazy.)

We leaned over backward in our interpretation of the code. With girls we were tolerant and companionable enough; with boys we were awkward, and unsympathetic to the point of rudeness. I was a little overwhelmed the other day when my eighteen-year-old niece serenely explained her friendship for an odd boy on the ground that he was a homosexual and needed her. But surely such a companionship is less morbid than the frigid apprehensions of my youth. Men were perfect strangers to us. They were associated with unknown things we did not want to face; and while there might somewhere among them be individuals sensitive and fastidious like ourselves, in general men were creatures of different and of ruder clay.

Not only were we shy and unfriendly with boys; we were scornful of them. We found boys of our own age less easy to talk to than girls, and less shining by classroom standards; therefore we set them down as duller than ourselves, and assumed an attitude of ungracious superiority. Furthermore, it was superiority complicated by hostility. The "new feminism" of 1890 went to our heads like synthetic gin and made us ill-tempered. Men, who to our mothers had been mere potential husbands, were to us actual and unprincipled competitors. For these boys who were clearly duller than we had a lead in the race for success solely, we said, on grounds of sex.

Some few of us undoubtedly got an arid satisfaction from sheer anger and the consciousness of virtue, and if many of us longed for male admiration, the easy companionship that came, we said, to any vapid creature who flattered them, we longed in secret and in vain. To our supercilious feminism the suggestion that we bend our course to please men would have been an affront; if there's any pleasing to be done, let the men do it, said we, putting our hats on crooked.

But even this blowsy hostility was by no means simple. I think that we vaguely knew that an underlying reason for our scorn of boys lay in our feeling that they were too stupid to like us. I think almost any of us would have loved to be charming if she had known how. So far were we from being secure in our anger that I think many of us were subject to a perverted humility in our relation to men. In some obscure and unconfessed way we knew that we were in fact less than the dust beneath their chariot wheels. For not only were the kingdoms of this world theirs to possess, but it was they who must come and fall in love with us and release us from a danger we did not want to explain.

Most of us, I believe, wanted to marry and feared the possibility of not marrying. But we had our own standards. Our mothers, we said, had had no choice but to marry and must take marriage on its own terms; for us there were careers that made us independent. We set store by ourselves as Women and not as mere females. We should dispense with the binding phraseology of marriage ceremonies; we should keep our own names and our names would make us people; we should have our own money and our money would make us free. The marriage was expected; the career sure and serene; but the husband was nebulous. He never interfered with our success; he understood; and side by side we worked in that companionship which only this new freedom of women could make possible. Upon the physical aspects of our marriage we did not dwell. Our husband would not be that kind of man. I can still remember thinking with a certain shuddering fascination that I might sometime yield to rare and wistful appeal as a mark of my deep love for my husband. But the chaste salute of my mother's generation had nothing on the chastity of my ideal salute.

I was between twenty-five and thirty when I outgrew all this perversity. So were some of

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my friends. Some outgrew it earlier, some later, some never outgrew it at all.

III

JUDGING FROM the consternation with which mothers now view daughters pursuing a course so different from that of my girlhood, one might fancy that the mother of thirty years ago would have been delighted with the conduct of a wholly virtuous child. Far from it. We were objects of distress to our mothers; we were youth in revolt.

It need hardly be said that they did not favor our notions of matrimony. They suffered over the hypothetical marriage ceremony we were not going to have as if we were already living in sin. I believe that the idea of economic independence was equally painful to them. What kind of man would he be who did not support his wife? To our impassioned response that the notion of being supported was abhorrent to us, that we should be working because we wanted to work, they replied with an overwhelming bitterness — "Yes, and neglecting your home"; and then the battle was on.

Nor were these tilts at distant windmills the only source of misunderstanding. There were very concrete objections to our conduct, our clothes, and the manipulation of our faces. If our sins in these matters were the opposite of those now current, they were none the less real to parents, and attack upon them was none the less annoying to daughters. Despite a chaste attitude toward sex, our mothers had been normal, nice-looking girls who of course wanted men to like them. Furthermore, they knew on which side their bread was buttered. Marriage might have its disillusions, but no marriage could equal the gray exclusion of not being married. They had therefore set out to be as attractive as they could in the possibly modest mode of their time.

Our inability and unwillingness to be attractive was a disappointment to them. I think that my mother, for instance, would have loved to have a daughter growing up into a frail princess with alabaster brow and dark lashes shadowing an ivory cheek; and here instead was her cygnet proving to be nothing but a very ordinary duck. Furthermore, our mothers knew that, matrimonially speaking, our course was incompetent, and they were constantly at us to conform: to curl our hair; to dress up and go to parties; to wear veils and keep our noses from getting sunburned. They felt that we were willful and ignorant; we felt that they were old-fashioned and unable to understand. Could there ever again, we thought, be so profound a break between generations?

And yet in the long run, what difference has there been? Our mothers in the nature of things knew more than they were willing to admit of the ultimate satisfactions of marriage. They had been in love. Smothered though it may have been by convention, shamed by puritanism, submerged in work and childbearing, there was nevertheless love even in 1870 when our mothers had been young. Even in that strange day it had been known to break its bonds when the check held too tight. No small part of the concern our parents felt over our departure from their ways doubtless lay in their fear that we might miss something they could not explain, but which they had had and valued. Certainly no small part of modern concern over the ways of the young lies in our fear that some element of love as we have seen it may be cheapened or lost.

We have, I think, far less cause for anxiety than our parents had. Too many of the women of my group never tasted the lusty wines of life; they only longed for them. The rest of us, despite a false conception of sex and the values of life, fell in love. As for the present generation, despite what may seem to us a mad conception of sex and the values of life — they too will fall in love; and to far better effect, I think, than the frightened and inhibited people who were their mothers. Fewer of them will miss the essence of life; more of them will marry — or its equivalent — and have children and grow old to say, "What is the younger generation coming to?"

This is the second of a series of articles on the younger generation and its problems in adjusting itself to the world of its predecessors. Next month's article will discuss the effect of the prohibition amendment on the youth of the country, from the point of view of a generation that had no voice in the discussion when the amendment was passed. The Editor will welcome articles on problems of the younger generation which have not yet been touched upon in this series.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. An award of twenty dollars will be given each month to the correspondent who, in the opinion of the Editor, has contributed the best letter.

No Strength In Numbers

To the Editor:

It is fortunate that Louis I. Dublin's article on birth control (November FORUM) will have for the most part typical FORUM — *i.e.*, intelligent — readers. Taken at its face value, it might be considered an argument against birth control, which I am sure Mr. Dublin did not intend it to be.

Granting all his facts and statistics, the situation is even so not an alarming one. Tremendous population is not necessarily desirable. Agricultural peoples need a large population, since each child is an economic asset; but industrial peoples need a small one, since fewer children mean fewer divisions of the spoils. Even some predominantly agricultural races — for instance, the French — prefer to limit their families so as not to break up their holdings.

Nor need a nation predominantly middle-aged, as Mr. Dublin says ours will be by the year 2000, be stodgy and conservative. There is a great deal of bunk in the idea that the young are aggressive and enthusiastic, the old reactionary and stolid. Such things are a matter of temperament, either individual or national.

The overcoming of Europe and America by nations having an uncontrolled birth rate is also purely imaginary. China and India have for centuries had enormous populations — why have they not overwhelmed us already? For the good reason that this very prolificness is a mark of cultural, economic, and intellectual subnormality, which precludes conquest of more highly developed nations. As for Russia, contraception is freely taught and allowed under the Soviets, and even abortion is legalized.

In other words, short of actual cessation of fecundity, a falling birth rate is a mark of civilized people. It is among savages and barbarians, and among the slum-dwellers of our cities, that one finds uncontrolled birth rates. Far from being a howling calamity, Mr. Dublin's data are a good omen.

M. A. SHIPLEY

Sausalito, Calif.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum's monthly Rostrum prize of twenty dollars has been awarded to Mr. Shipley for his intelligent interpretation of Dr. Dublin's meaning.*]

The Man with the Compass

To the Editor:

In his article, "No More Plans" (November FORUM), Mr. L. M. Graves has unwittingly argued in favor of some kind of plan, though he professes to disbelieve in them all. His chief objection seems to be that a plan would be a stumbling-block for the ingenuity of our best minds and that it must necessarily have a foreign taint.

Now I'm wondering if the organization with which Mr. Graves is associated operates without a definite plan — pardon, policy. If human intelligence can devise a policy that is beneficial for any particular group, surely it can develop a policy that would be worth-while for the aggregate of all groups. Furthermore, granted that there would be wholesale graft in the carrying out of any type of plan — is there any moral difference between graft in government and graft in business? If our business men won't coöperate with the government should a plan be put into operation, is it reasonable to expect them to give any greater effort to a leaderless, formless remedy? . . .

No, Mr. Graves, though you don't see how a plan can be put into operation, you still recognized that something was amiss and that something should be done about it — and that's the kindling from which a plan issues. I shall always insist on the queer notion that of two men who are lost in a forest, the man who has a map and compass is the man who will find his way out first.

EMMANUEL WESTBERG

Minneapolis, Minn.

Requested and Supplied

To the Editor:

You ask for opinions regarding THE FORUM. I have been a subscriber for five or six years, which must indicate a favorable judgment. But however well I may like the articles, I wish to register an emphatic protest against the stories you have handed out lately. They are so ghastly dismal that they remind one of the first page of our average newspapers: "If it isn't murder, it isn't *news*." There seems to have settled over the entire writing world a determined and persistent effort to give us nothing but horrors. I wish you would glance at the pages

Dear Jim:

Wish you could have been with us in Havana. Some town. They never go to bed down here. Saw a game of jai-alai – talk about speed. Ought to have seen me doing the rumba. These Cubans sure are a hospitable lot – same all through the Caribbean. Why go to Paris when we've got Havana?

Had a great time in Miami. And now we'll soon be off for Jamaica, Panama Canal, and Costa Rica. Or maybe we'll switch ships at Cristobal and run down to Colombia. The U.F. boats go to all the places. And they take care of you right – all outside rooms, grand eats, etc. Get all the dope from the United Fruit Company*. Do it now – you're getting older.

Bob

(*Dept. C, Pier 3, North River
New York, N. Y.)

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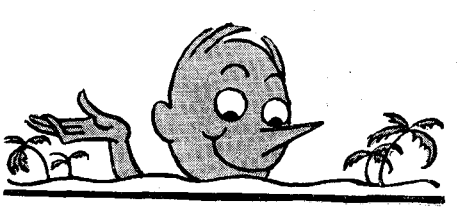

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Our Rostrum

of your own magazine and of others in your class and take note of any pleasant, agreeable tale that has been presented in the last few years. Anything that would cause even a smile, not to say a good hearty laugh, would be welcome — but no, it is all gloom and trouble and mystery and sorrow that wrings the heart.

ANNE B. STEWART

Seattle, Wash.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Turn to Walter Edmonds's yarn on page 24 for an antidote.*]

In Defense of Buchman

To the Editor:

Having attended over thirty-five *bona fide* meetings of the Buchman variety at houseparties, retreats, and private residences during my college career at Princeton, I feel justified in offering an estimate of the movement differing from that given by Mr. Ernest Mandeville in the November FORUM.

In the first place, it should be noted that the term "Buchmanism" was originally coined by derisive critics of the movement and is never used within that group of earnest and sincere people who prefer to be known as members of "A First Century Christian Fellowship." They thoroughly dislike being regarded as just another cult or "ism."

The general impression gained from the many so-called confessions I have heard in the meetings of the Fellowship has been that here are people who have discovered religion as a vital, present power for the transformation of character. A society girl tells of a family relationship which has been made new through the power of Christ; a hitherto maladjusted undergraduate shares the joy of his release; a New York newsboy describes his conversion, and it makes you wonder.

So far as my own experience has been concerned, I have found absolutely no foundation in fact for Mr. Mandeville's general allegation of "lack of truthfulness" on the part of some of the leaders of the movement, for however one may disagree with the philosophy of the Buchmanites, their almost embarrassing sincerity is undeniable. . . . And strange to relate, I have never heard anything, with one possible exception, in the mixed meetings of the Fellowship that went beyond the bounds of propriety or that savored of a morbid attitude toward sex. The fact that at almost every houseparty and group meeting there are elderly folk, with very conservative ideas, who give their hearty support to the movement should indicate that much of the criticism of the Fellowship along these lines has had but little foundation, although no one would deny that mistakes have been made by overzealous Buchmanites. Thanks to popular writers, mischievous undergraduates, and the subtle tendency of the natural man to rejoice in iniquity rather than truth, such mistakes are often presented to the public out of their context in an exaggerated and distorted form. . . .

Frank Buchman and his disciples are radiant mystics. However, I think Mr. Mandeville exaggerates when he maintains that they assume "infallible spiritual authority." He makes no mention of the tests by which the Buchmanite is to "check guidance" to determine whether the thoughts which have come to him during this period of waiting on God are of a divine or of a purely human origin. These tests are honesty, purity, unselfishness, love, the advice of fellow Christians, and the Bible. . . . One may condemn mystics for their naïveté and their eccentricities, and yet secretly and perhaps unconsciously envy their joy. . . .

. . . One would not turn to the Fellowship for a program of social betterment or for the most up-to-date and scientific theology. But for the divided human soul out of harmony with its environment and in desperate need of adjustment with those human and divine forces which ennoble life, I know of no better redemptive agency than "A First Century Christian Fellowship."

JAMES CROSWELL PERKINS,
Theological Student

Oberlin, O.

An Anti-Buchmanite

To the Editor:

Ernest Mandeville's article on Buchmanism is the most capable analysis of this unhealthy growth that has yet appeared.

In the summer of 1929, while on a speaking tour of Maine, I met a young woman, a student at a leading Eastern college, who was a sincere Buchmanite. Her point of view interested me, so when the next fall Frank Buchman and his "personality plus boys" announced a meeting at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, I attended. I was mildly surprised that the gathering should be held in such surroundings, but a thorough acquaintance with present-day Methodism made me less amazed than others.

. . . I shall not describe in detail my decisions as to what I saw and heard there, but shall only say that this emotional, high-pressure salesman's religion is inadequate for most thinking people of my ken, and I left at the first opportunity. Yet I see no cause to worry very much about Buchmanism, for I cannot believe that it will long outlive its present members. And if Buchman chooses to preach as he does, at least he breaks no law. I am pleased that he has chosen no way more socially harmful.

I congratulate you on the article.

DAVID KIRBY SPELT

Philadelphia, Pa.

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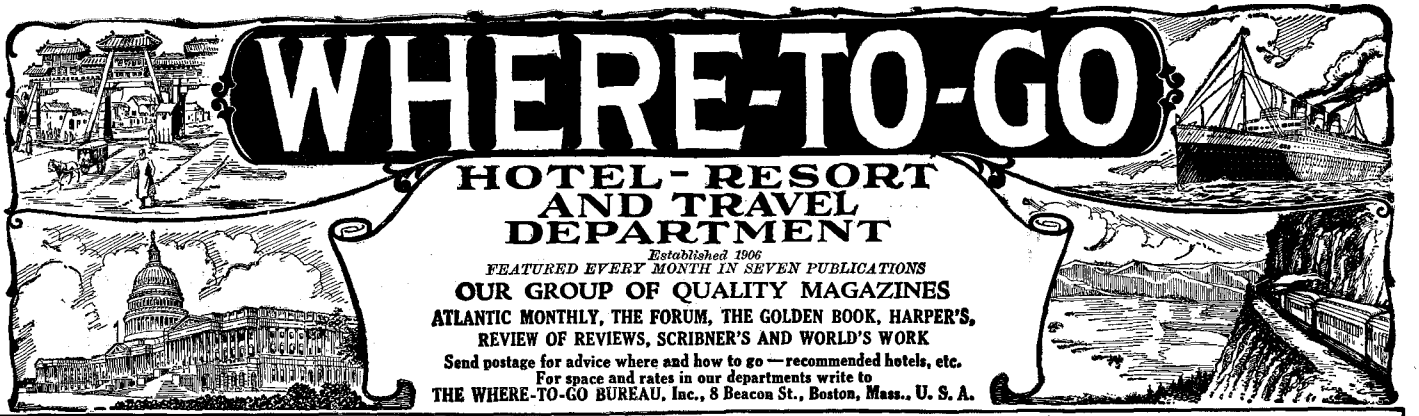

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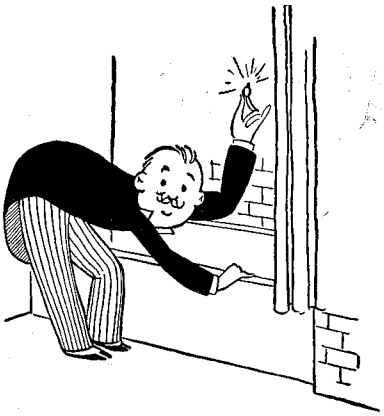

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UNITED HOTELS

Our Rostrum

Futility, All is Futility

To the Editor:

Mr. L. M. Graves ("The New Elizabethans," December FORUM) rants against the younger generation ably enough, though all of what he says has been said many times before and with at least as much wit, but why, I wonder, does he build up that laborious, confusing, and none too convincing analogy regarding the Elizabethans? He implies, I take it, that our unruly boys and girls claim kinship with the spirit of the sixteenth-century immortals, if not with Shakespeare and Sidney themselves: "They imagine themselves, like the contemporaries of 'great Elizabeth,' to be building a new world . . . blazing trails. . . ."

Permit me to say, Mr. Graves, that they imagine nothing of the kind. On the contrary, they are proud of being known as a lost generation: that is their motto, and they naïvely cherish it. Build a new world? Blaze trails? Hardly! For they are without hope, or boast that they are: the swaggering braggadocio, the boisterous vigor of the guests at the Mermaid Tavern are as foreign to them as their futility, whether or not assumed as a mere adolescent pose, would be to the Elizabethans to whom you so illogically compare them. The world they live in ends, as one of their earlier standard-bearers (T. S. Eliot) has written, "not with a bang but a whimper."

Obviously this cannot be termed, and is not meant as, a defense of the younger generation, for futility is no great virtue and is surely not to be preferred to unfulfilled boasting, which at least has the merit of vitality. But at any rate it is intended to show that you have been unfortunate in your choice of an historical parallel. If any such analogy was necessary to your thesis, you would have done much better to select Congreve's England: there you might have found comparisons a good deal more pertinent, nor would you have needed to set up a cockeyed man of straw in order to knock him down.

And if you say that quotations from Eliot and Gertrude Stein and a general Joseph-Wood-Krutch tenor are not applicable, because your article refers not to the literate and crusading younger generation but to the gin-drinking, jazz-drunk variety, then your argument crumbles entirely. For John Held's jelly-beans, least of all, are far from considering themselves the spiritual descendants of the Elizabethans, of whom, in all likelihood, they rarely think once they have closed their textbooks. They do not want to reform the world, these professional bacchants, any more than their more philosophical brothers: they merely want to dance and drink their way through it.

STEPHEN M. O'MALLEY
San Francisco, Calif.

Disability—Not Life

To the Editor:

Lillian K. Noertker, whose prize-winning budget paper was published in the November FORUM, certainly got a bargain in insurance when she found a company which in return for a yearly premium of $86.26 would send her $200 each month. Would you mind telling me the name of the firm, and what philanthropists are managing it?

J. A. BRIGGS
Des Moines, Ia.

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—*Mrs. Noertker was here referring to* disability *insurance, as is evidenced by the fact that further on in her paper she does mention a plan whereby her theoretical budgeter may invest his savings in an "an annuity which will pay him $200 per month for life."*]

On Charity

To the Editor:

I have read the award of the Budget prizes with concern. That you would place Mrs. Noertker's paper before the public as a model is shocking. Observe the amount spent on clothes, amusements, travel, and personal indulgence—and compare it to the paltry $200 allotted for charity and gifts. What does that look like to those in need? What kind of character-building material is that for a family? The spirit is selfish to the core. You have forgotten a Gentle Master who said, "The life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment."

K. C. FINDLEY

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The budget papers were published, not as spiritual guidebooks, but as practical demonstrations of how a family of four might live to-day on incomes ranging from $4000 to $10,000. Beneficence, therefore, was a matter entirely between the individual and his conscience. The fact that Mrs. Noertker's apportionments for charity were equal to those mentioned by the majority of contestants seems to indicate that her hypothetical family is at least as generous as most of us.*]

Praise for Tomlinson

To the Editor:

The high spot in the December FORUM is, of course, H. M. Tomlinson's remarkable article, "That Next War." In this short essay just about all has been said that can be said about the unjustification of war for any reason whatsoever. Because Mr. Tomlinson has written the most distinguished book about the war (*All Our Yesterdays*), because he writes the most beautiful prose of any author now living, and because of his calm and hopeful philosophy, no one is more fitted to outline the possibilities of another war. I hope you will have another paper by him.

MERRELL KITCHEN.
Bismarck, N. D.

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Our Rostrum

Bigot, Bigot. . . .

To the Editor:

In the Toasts in the December FORUM Alva Johnston is rated as a "star reporter." He may be all of that and still lack qualifications for speaking with dogmatic finality on subjects that lie outside the reporter's field.

In characterizing the great body of Southern Democrats who bolted the ticket in 1928 as "flaming eyed bigots," Mr. Johnston is not writing as a reporter. He points his pen with venom and indulges in an orgy of vituperation not to be expected from a first-rate journalist: witness these phrases culled from his article — "lascivious thrills of religious spite and rancor"; "sweet pangs and delicious carnal stings of blessed hate"; "religious viciousness"; "carnival of animality of the religio-sexual type."

I maintain that a tolerant, intelligent non-Catholic may oppose a Catholic candidate for the Presidency because he is a Catholic. The Roman Church has never receded from its historic position regarding temporal authority. It has from time immemorial dominated in the secular realms of those countries where it has been powerful enough to enforce its claims. It may be replied that there is no likelihood that such control will ever be acquired in the United States, but many voters believe otherwise. These benighted persons may not be so worldly wise as the sophisticated portion of the population who live east of the Hudson River; but nevertheless they may also be as reasonably intelligent and as genuinely religious as their annihilating reporter-critic.

O. E. BARKER

Fort Sumner, N. M.

Objection

To the Editor:

I feel that I must call your attention to a sentence from the very interesting article by Vita Lauter and Joseph H. Friend, "Radio and the Censors," in your December issue: "Chiropractors, osteopaths, cancer-curers, electro-therapists, gland-transplanters, and such flock to the studios. . . ."

In New York State, Osteopathic Physicians are recognized by the law and are registered under the rules of the State Board of Medical Examiners. The applicant for licensure as an Osteopathic Physician in New York State must have spent four years of study in a college of high grade and which maintains a standard satisfactory to the Board of Medical Examiners. To obtain a license he must pass exactly the same examination as that required of the doctor of medicine. . . .

I am confident that you will agree that a grave injustice has been done.

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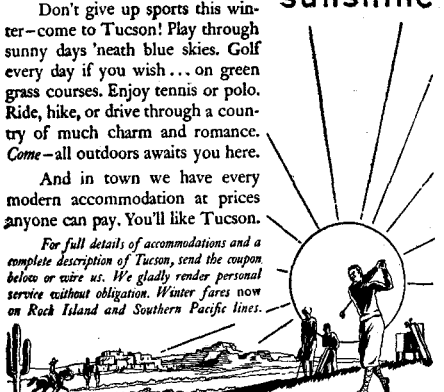

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Our Rostrum

The Lawyer As President

To the Editor:

Walter Chambers' article on Samuel Seabury (November FORUM), suggesting that our next chief executive may be a lawyer, leads to speculation as to why such a large proportion of our Presidents have been selected from that profession ever since time withdrew the giants of the Revolutionary period from the national stage. . . .

Perhaps the lawyer's interest in the Presidential execution of our laws is a natural result of his constant study of them. Certainly his profession provides an excellent doorway to politics. . . . It seems to me that the good lawyer, by inclination and training, is more likely to make a good President than an equally capable man from any other walk of life. He must be a theorist in law as well as a practicer of it. Most important of all, he does not get his work done by a system which involves pushing buttons and steam-rolling subordinates—a type of leadership which is not the best preparation for getting legislation through the Senate. He asks for legal relief, not as a matter of right, but because he can or cannot convince a court that he is entitled to it or that it is reasonable.

Of course, not all our lawyer Presidents have been able. But I should not be sorry to see another, especially if he were such a one as is Judge Samuel Seabury.

EDWARD FRANK

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fire-burned Business Men

To the Editor:

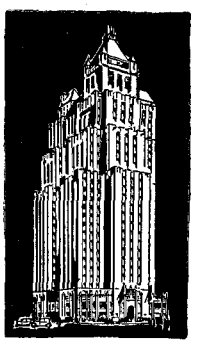
It was with a feeling of exhilaration and gratitude that I was swept along by C. E. Ayres in his illuminating article, "The Irony of Science," in the September FORUM. Mr. Ayres cuts through all the solemn, pretentious mumbo-jumbo of "business," and states a wholesome though disagreeable truth when he says that secrecy regarding the devious ways of profits is the breath of life of "business."

Just what is there sacred about business, anyway? And why should we be so concerned when a critic gives us the picture of a business man as he usually is—a dull, rather doltish fellow, with a peasant's cunning and the peasant's fear of innovations? I expect it is because we are all tarred with the brush of business. We have had it dinned into us from childhood until it has come to mean something divine and sacrosanct. We are dependent for our living, most of us, on it.

Well, I did not intend to launch into a diatribe on modern industrialism. God knows the magazines are already full enough of the howls of fire-burned business men turned radicals overnight.

LAWRENCE B. FISHBACK

Gouverneur, N. Y.



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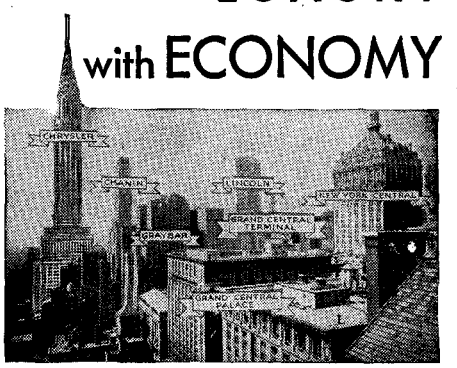

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TRAVEL NEWS

THE III WINTER OLYMPICS

IT MAY BE a long hard winter, but winter sports enthusiasts are going to make the most of it. The outstanding winter sports event in this country will be the III Olympic Winter Games to be held at Lake Placid beginning February fourth. Of particular interest is the Japanese Olympic ski team, which is expected to make a strong showing against the traditionally powerful teams of the northern European countries. Among the competitors from Norway will be: Sonja Henie, Olympic and world's champion woman figure skater; Bernt Evenson, former world's speed-skating title holder; and Birger Ruud, famous ski-jumper. Through an arrangement with the International Skating Union, skaters competing for the European championship at Davos, Switzerland, will also be able to take part in the races at Lake Placid.

NEW YORK TO HONOLULU AND THE SOUTH SEAS

TWO FAST transcontinental trains, connecting with the speedy liner *Malolo* at San Francisco, will again feature the winter travel movement to Hawaii and will enable travelers to make the trip from New York to Honolulu in the remarkably short time of eight days. The first *Malolo* boat train will leave New York on January nineteenth to connect with the sailing of January twenty-third; the second will leave on February second to connect with the sailing of February sixth. The *Mariposa*, new flagship of the Matson fleet, will make a sweeping 30,000-mile maiden cruise, starting from New York on January sixteenth. She will sail to San Francisco via the Panama Canal, calling at Havana and Los Angeles enroute, and from there visit Hawaii, various South Sea islands, New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, Java, Malaya, Siam, the Philippines, China, and Japan. The *Mariposa* will enter the regular South Seas-Australian service shortly after she returns to San Francisco.

TO HAVANA AND MEXICO

THE ALL-EXPENSE vacation trips from New York to Havana and Mexico now being offered by the Ward Line seem well worth taking. After a short stop at Havana, where passengers are given an opportunity to tour the city by automobile, the cruises proceed to Progreso, in Yucatan. Here tourists may stop over for ten days in order to visit the picturesque city of Merida and the famous ruins of the Mayan civilization at Chichen-Itza and Uxmal, before continuing their journey on the following steamer. Anyone who enjoys wandering in quaint, out-of-the-way places should find Merida especially captivating, with its museum, its old cathedral, its colorful market, and its one historic shrine — the home of Francisco Montejo, conqueror of Yucatan and founder of the city. Particularly interesting among the Mayan ruins are: the Temple of a Thousand Columns, El Castillo, the Ball Court, an outdoor amphitheater with remarkable acoustic properties, the Nunnery, the Oracle, the Temple of the Doves, the Observatory, and the Palace of the Governor. From Progreso these cruises continue on to Vera Cruz, thence to New York via Havana.

BERMUDA'S WORLD HOTEL

THE NEW Castle Harbour Hotel at Tucker's Town, Bermuda, offers Americans a resort equal to the famous Mediterranean hotels, within a comparatively short distance of the United States. Among its special features are: the games room, completely equipped for ping-pong, billiards, cards, and other indoor recreations; the swimming pool, with a special bar for bathers who happen to feel dry on the inside; the palm court; the rock garden; numerous tennis courts; and a beautiful golf course.

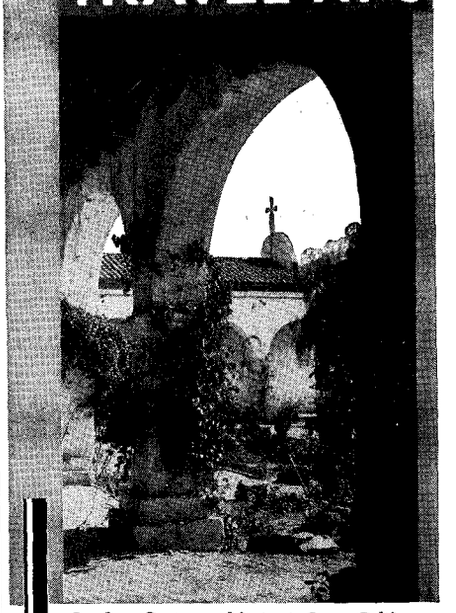
THE LOW COST OF TRAVEL

DECREASE IN travel because of the depression and public demand for lower prices have been responsible for a reduction in hotel and steamship rates. European hotels were the first to cut their prices, and chain groups followed shortly after with general reductions of from 10 to 25 per cent. After reaching an agreement at a conference held in Paris during August, steamship lines lowered first class rates and rates for de luxe cabins and suites — as much as 40 per cent in some instances. Minimum passages were lowered from $10 to $25 each, but tourist cabin rates are being maintained at their previous level.

AROUND LAKE GARDA

THE LAST TWENTY miles of road along the west coast of Lake Garda, Italy, have been completed, and motorists may now drive all around the lake. This new road, called the "Gardesana," runs along, and through, the mountainous cliffs which rise perpendicularly from the water. Numerous bridges and about eighty tunnels were constructed to avoid dangerous curves. At intervals parking spaces extending over the lake have been built to enable motorists to stop and view the gorgeous scenery. Without a doubt this is one of the most spectacular, picturesque roads in the world.

CALIFORNIA TRAVEL TIPS



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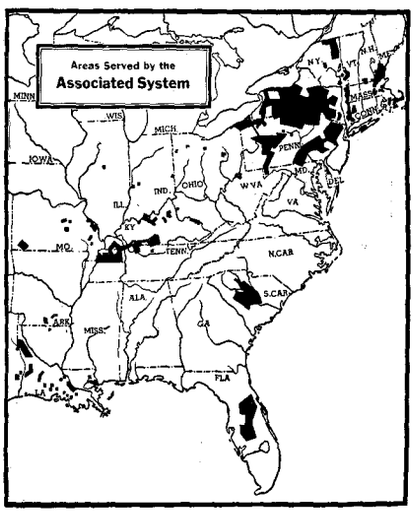

Progress in the Associated System has been especially rapid since 1920. In these years the number of customers increased from 682,469 to 1,442,106; gross earnings from $51,164,774 to $111,180,063, and number of security holders from 121 to 231,055.

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DOWNTOWN

Progress in Reconstruction

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

BUSINESS has passed from the defensive to the offensive. That is the outstanding contribution of 1931 to the progress of human endeavor, and 1932 holds forth the hope that the meagre gains effected so far will be consolidated and extended in the year ahead.

Only a casual consideration of the high lights of economic history during the past two years is necessary to demonstrate that some tangible gains have been effected. The panic of 1929 was destructive enough to values, but it was apparently more destructive to business morale. Attempts to stave off the inevitable reaction from the excesses of the four years preceding were ineffective, and by the spring of 1930 the general decline in commodity prices was in full swing. In the train of this great shrinkage in security and commodity values came bank failures at home. Economic distress abroad brought revolutions in many countries, and by the spring of 1931 the United States became poignantly aware that however desirable its policy of isolation from foreign entanglements might be as a diplomatic fundamental, it was simply out of the question so far as business relations were concerned. True, we had generously declined to participate in the reparations that Germany was called upon to pay for the destruction caused by the war; never-the-less, we were stubbornly insisting that those who borrowed money from us in that war should make good on their obligations. We had loaned large sums abroad on long term credit, much of which was used by Germany to meet the reparation payments, incidentally, and our financial stake in Europe and South America was an important factor in our domestic financial situation.

Then came the failure of the Austrian Creditanstalt in May, a failure that has been termed the greatest bank failure in history. By June there was a rush on the part of foreign investors to withdraw from their investments in Germany, and a virtual run on German resources was in progress. By midsummer England was facing a similar run. Huge credits were obtained in France and the United States by the British Treasury and the Bank of England, in a last ditch fight to save the pound, but they were soon used up, and by mid-September England bowed to the inevitable and went off the gold basis. Then ensued a run upon American resources, as investors and bankers in

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France hastily withdrew funds from New York in the belief that this country could not maintain the gold standard. In six weeks nearly $750,000,000 in gold was withdrawn from the United States, and the security markets were driven down as forced sales were made in converting foreign assets here into gold.

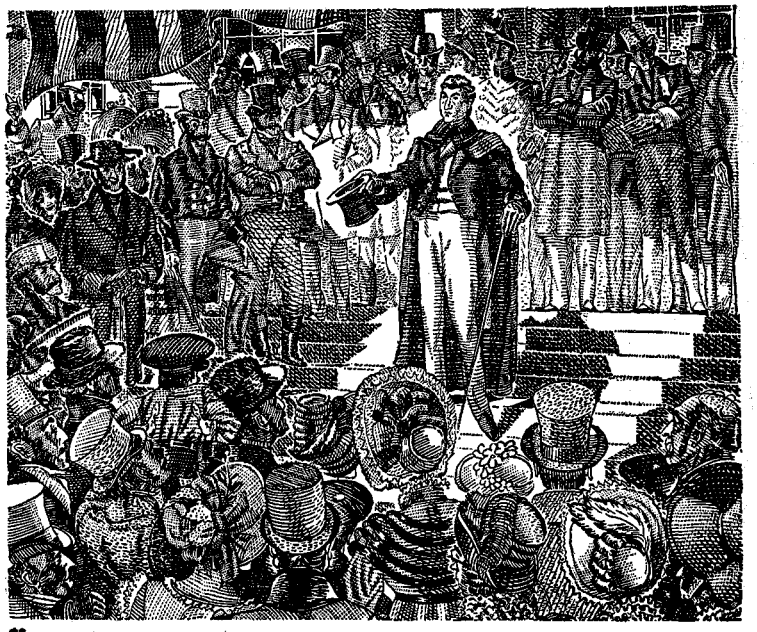
INTERNATIONAL READJUSTMENTS

As yet insufficient time has elapsed to determine whether any real progress has been made, but there appear to have been very definite gains. It took a depression to prove that the question of reparations payments and international debt settlements was not whether our debtors could pay, but whether we could afford to collect. President Hoover proposed a one-year moratorium on these debts, and it now looks as though a radical revision of the whole debt program is in sight. Wage adjustments on a wholesale scale began to be effected during the summer, and when the United States Steel Corporation cut wages, October 1, the wage situation, with the sole prominent exception of the railroad and civil service employees, was adjusted to the new order of conditions. The organization of the National Credit Corporation, which was designed to thaw out the frozen assets of banks, was essentially a stop gap for the unreasoning liquidation that was in process. But it has apparently served its purpose in that it restored confidence. The sweeping victory of the British Conservative party at the polls in October was another tangible constructive event. Socialism received a drastic set-back in England, and the electorate served notice to the world that England would work out of her economic difficulties in orthodox fashion, traveling the rough route of hard work and balanced budgets. That commodity prices stopped declining, in fact turned upward, can be ascribed to these helpful tendencies.

THE SEQUENCE OF RECOVERY

After each of the five major waves of liquidation in the security markets since the autumn of 1929 the question has been: Has the cycle run its course? And after the first four of them nobody could truthfully say that it had. Each one culminated with a notable absence of fundamental constructive achievement. The movement of last October, following England's abandonment of the gold basis, has been followed by some fundamental progress. Under the circumstances it is entirely reasonable to assume that the cycle of depression has run its course.

For the investor the task now is to assess the probable sequence of events in the reconstruction phase of the business cycle. Recovery in the bond market



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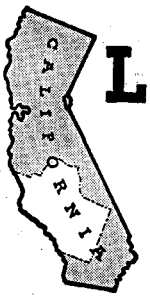

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Downtown

should prove to be the first striking manifestation of improvement, and we should expect bonds to recover to a degree approaching normal considerably in advance of the stock market. Ten years ago this was not the case. The low of that depression, both in industrial activity and security prices, was reached about June, 1921, but the bond market did not advance sharply until the summer of 1922. Money rates were high at the bottom of the depression; even the Federal Reserve rediscount rate stood at 6 per cent until late in the spring of 1921. The new issue market was intensely active throughout 1921 and early 1922, as bankers came to the rescue of corporations in straitened financial circumstances, and this maintained considerable pressure upon the existing low level of bond prices. In the current depression money rates have been generally low throughout the movement. Unlike 1921 there is plenty of money seeking investment in this country. Yet bonds sank about as low in 1931 as they did in 1921. The decline was due wholly to fear.

Improvement in stocks and commodity prices will probably run coincidentally in the early phases of the next cycle, but as the movement expands we rather anticipate that the movement in stocks will be slow because of the huge surplus of raw materials that still remains to be disposed of. The factor of potential inflation in securities cannot be ignored. Cheap money rates, an unbalanced United States Treasury balance, credit corporations, millions of hoarded currency, and a public that considers a 2,000,000 share day in the stock market dull times is a combination of circumstances that probably will make for a rapid revival of stock market speculation.

Third in the sequence of events should be a recovery of business profits. In 1921, as in 1931, business profits were very low; but in 1922 profits rose sharply, with very little increase in business volume. The American Institute of Finance is authority for the statement that in 1921 the gross sales volume of all corporations reporting earnings was $87,000,000,000 and profits were $494,000,000; but in 1922 sales of only $94,000,000,000 produced profits of $4,464,000,000. The situation now is one that very reasonably could duplicate that of 1922.

Last in the sequence of events will probably come a rise in industrial volume and in sales. Although the low point of the last great depression was reached about June, 1921, it was not until the autumn of 1922 that business could safely be called normal. Business and industrial volume does not change rapidly. The movements are slow and ponderous, but usually steady, once they are set in motion.

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